AMERICANS AND POETRY by Leonard Bacon

The Saturday Review of Literature

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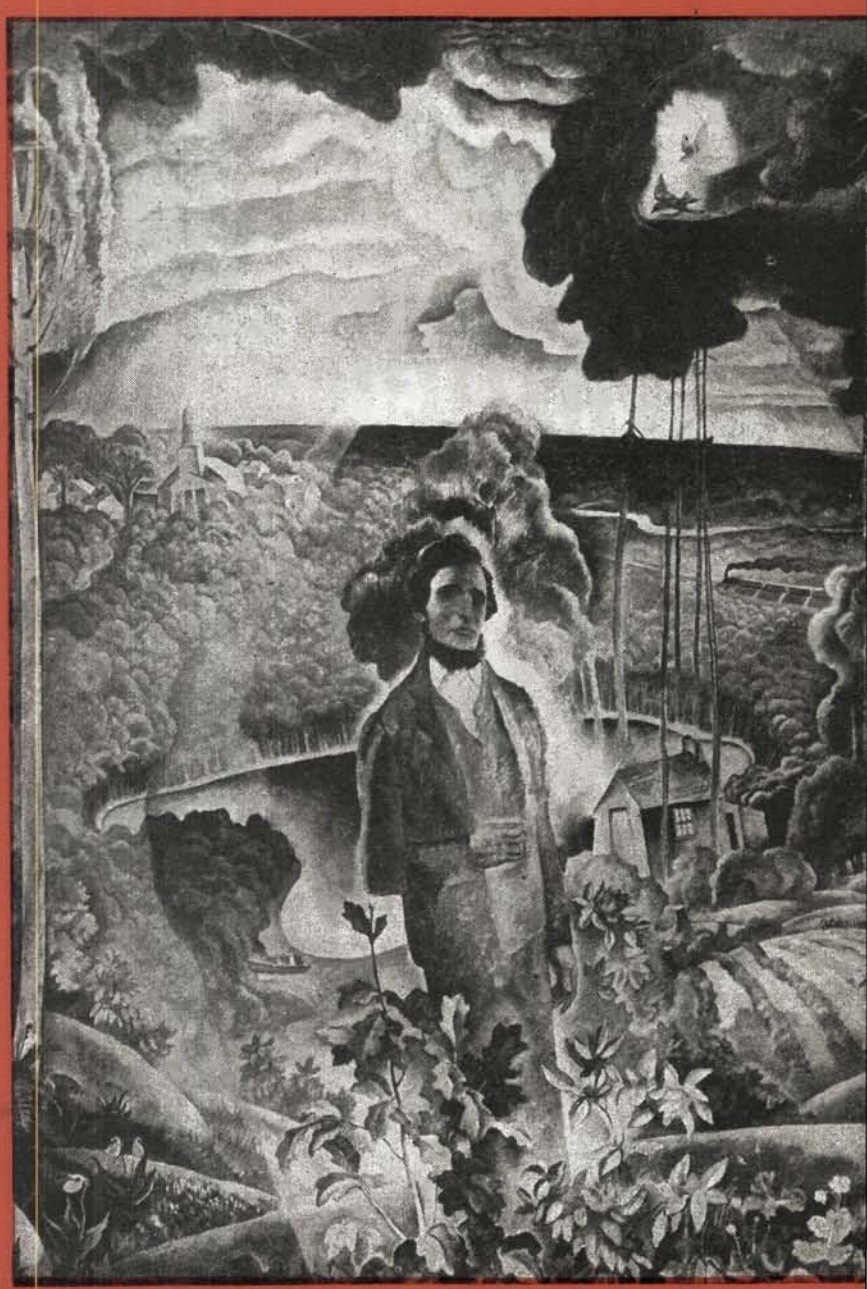

WALDEN REVISITED (From a painting by N. C. Wyeth): "Thoreau is growing in stature and in significance, especially now" . . . *(See page 5)*

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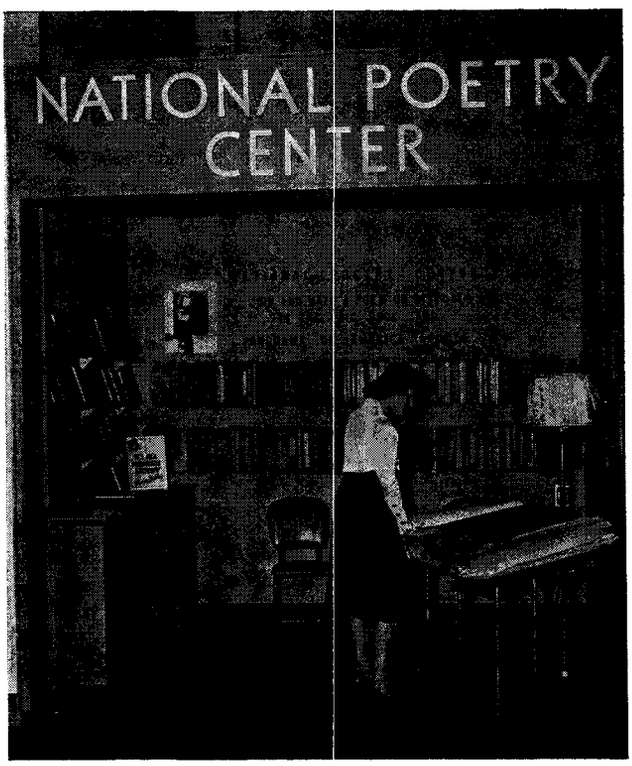
Americans and Poetry

BY LEONARD BACON

IT is said that people do not necessarily hate what they merely ignore. But a pessimist could make out a pretty good case in support of the thesis that Americans dislike poetry. This could be shown in various ways, one of which appeals to me. I don't agree with the implication of the epigram which states that poetry can be disliked in two ways: one way is to dislike it, and the other is to like Pope. But the form of the crack may be retained for my purposes. And it is clear that thousands among us, and not necessarily stupid persons, do like Mr. Edgar Guest. The rest of the idea is easily deduced. Yet apart from such a piece of possibly unkind flippancy, one has often noticed the look of boredom and diminished expectancy on otherwise intelligent faces when Dante is mentioned or Shakespeare is quoted. The more brutal audibly lament that the party is going highbrow. The honest and comparatively virtuous tell you they don't get it, and take the ground that only exceptional intellects are equal to the problem of reading the "Ode to a Nightingale." And the opinion seems general that the unfortunate who introduced the subject has been guilty of an indecent exposure of unnecessary learning, verging on exhibitionism.



National Poetry Booth at the New York World's Fair. The giant volume consists of verses submitted for the exhibit by poets all over the United States.

What could be more perfectly horrible? That the most human of arts, concerned for its very life with what men are and feel, should be put in a class with abstruse sciences and chill philosophies is at least paradoxical. That men should resolutely turn their backs on the intrinsically delightful, that they should of set purpose ignore and avoid the mirthful, the graceful, the comic, is bad enough, and that they should be afraid of the beauty in grief or danger is worse. But it is a fact and there is no use blinking it and no use wailing about it. There is only one poet in the United States who has succeeded in living by his art. And though that is no criterion necessarily, and though the point is well taken that perhaps poetry is an art by which one ought not to attempt to live, the statement is more than sufficient to prove the general lack of interest. If that is not enough, just speak to any publisher. To a man, they view poetry with inauspicious eyes, whatever their humanly individual opinions may be. And that poetry gets published at all nowadays is due to a commendable weakness of publishers, who from time to time, in spite of their natural passion for best-sellers, exhibit symptoms of generosity and idealism. The most hard-headed and hard-boiled occasionally blunder into projects to persuade the public to like something the public ought to like. Except for a mere handful of instances which prove the rule, the public, critical fanfares notwithstanding, remains unpersuaded.

It was not always so. Only a lifetime ago there was a group of poets at home and a still larger group in England, whose books were eagerly read by multitudes. Much has been said to depreciate the New England school by the smart critics of these times. No doubt they were academic and prudish. Beyond peradventure the Queen of Spain had no legs as far as they were concerned. But they loved the world they were in; I mean our American world. And a great deal of their verse has a fire sadly missing in the poetry of their cosmopolitan, metropolitan successors, a statement which goes for their Victorian rivals on the other side of the water. Nothing sillier than a simian critic trying to make a monkey out of Longfellow, with all his imperfections, has been seen in our times, and several experts believe that we do very well when it comes to silliness. Whatever may be urged against the group, the fact is that they held the interest of their own time as well as, or better than, the contemporary prose writers, who many of them wrote poetry, and by no means negligible poetry into the bargain, witness Thackeray, George Meredith, George Eliot, Emily Brontë. Today it is the other way round. In fact it has been said that whereas prose writers once wrote poetry for fun, now poets have to write prose of necessity. It is dreadful to think of De la Mare in England and Benét in America, compelled by the dreadful change in public taste, to work left-handedly at novels which are salable instead of at their heart's desire which is not.

Why and how the change in the public taste took place is obscure. No man understands the time he lives in. His prejudices conceal half of it from him. And no experience is adequate to reveal the other half. I lay no claim to be without prejudice or to have been particularly well instructed by experience. Nevertheless, I shall ven-

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ture some tentative truisms not with a view to convincing or converting anyone, but merely to get them off my chest.

In the first place, I think, that beginning about 1890, Americans, for some reason unknown, got Europe too much on their minds. We had always been interested in Europe, as was necessary, for she was the mother of our arts and our politics. But about 1890 we began to bow down and worship —mainly the wrong things. Much of our life seemed crude in our own sight. We thought, though only half consciously, that our culture (horrible word) was limited, parochial, colonial, in spite of the fact that Whitman was a kind of Bible on the Continent, and that the great misunderstood Nietzsche had set up a double shrine in his heart for Pascal—and Emerson.* We felt intellectually as if we came from the wrong side of the railway tracks. There weren't any cathedrals in our cities, no pictures in our galleries, nor was there any music worthy the name in our concert-halls. We began to wear English clothes and read French novels. Our universities were trying to look like Oxford and Cambridge, as if the lovely Georgian buildings, which were our own development of another style, weren't good enough for us. Parenthetically, as any competent architect will tell you, it's a lucky New England university which was too poor in those years to tear down such charming eighteenth-century relics as exist at Brown, for instance. Our elite, who for no assignable reason had elected themselves to that bad eminence, had more than the suspicion of an accent which they thought might pass for English. People like Henry James took up their residence in England, metaphorically shaking off the ignoble American dust from their feet. And in general we grew ashamed of one of the most attractive and sensible countries on earth. But a worse thing was behind. In England and at home the great men died off suddenly and in bunches as if an epidemic had hit them. And the little Americans who remained began to imitate the little Europeans.

When there is small substance it is natural to consider form. That is what was going on in England in the 1890s. Neat rhymesters discovered or rediscovered the repertory of Provençal and Old French poets who once had life in spite of their elaborate geometrical designs. An artificial and vamped up revival took place. And practically everything that men could do was done to make the man in the street think that if there was one thing in its nature unconnected with his personal anxieties, it was poetry. The development was promptly taken up in America. And the essence of the unnatural descended upon us. Edgar Lee Masters is a poet of uneven powers, but I for one, in spite of his later impoverished performance, still see something in his "Spoon River Anthology," and especially so, because in "Petit, the Poet" he wrote the epitaph on a generation that taught Americans to believe that poetry was a poor, artificial, sissified performance, separate from reality, and divorced from life and death. The verses are bitter, poignant, and not unjust.

PETIT, THE POET

Seeds in a dry pod, tick, tick, tick,
Tick, tick, tick, like mites in a quarrel—
Faint iambics that the full breeze wakens—
But the pine tree makes a symphony thereof.
Triolets, villanelles, rondels, rondeaus,
Ballades by the score with the same old thought:
The snows and the roses of yesterday are vanished;
And what is love but a rose that fades?
Life all around me here in the village:
Tragedy, comedy, valor and truth,
Courage, constancy, heroism, failure—
All in the loom, and oh what patterns!
Woodlands, meadows, streams and rivers—
Blind to all of it all my life long.
Triolets, villanelles, rondels, rondeaus,
Seeds in a dry pod, tick, tick, tick,
Tick, tick, tick, what little iambics,
While Homer and Whitman roared in the pines?

All of which goes to show that the English poetasters who came after the Victorians weren't very good writers and that the Americans weren't any better. On both sides they were more occupied with being clever than with being powerful, for the old but perfectly elegant reason that they could manage the first consideration pretty well, and the second not at all. They were linnets on the wrists of kings all right, and there was very little question, as far as they were concerned, of poetry that burned a man up and a great deal of anxiety about the sort of thing that could be conveniently used to fill a blank space at the foot of a page in the *Spectator* or the *Nation*. No wonder the public got frightfully tired of that type of poetry. I for one do not blame the public a particle.

A remarkable poet, and equally remarkable scholar, whose verses go far to redeem the decade on which I have uttered these platitudes, makes, in a scholarly introduction to an edition of a well-forgotten Roman rhetorician, the following quinine-bitter observation: "Error, if allowed to run its course, secures its own downfall, and is sooner or later overthrown, not by the truth, but by error of an opposite kind." The poetasters had wondered vaguely "what was the matter with their racket." They looked everywhere for reasons to account for their difficulties, and found many wrong ones. They naturally reacted with violence against the fake form they had chosen and the Wardour Street diction they had adopted, and went all out on a novel formlessness, and the language of the street. Where they had been rigid and exact, they now became loose and chaotic. Anything that came into a man's head could be a poem now. And so it can be if he can make it so. But the condition is a hard one. And it is not enough to get a random notion on paper and say that it is composed according to the principles of some great new school. Seriously, it is startling to look at what was let loose just before the war in the name of Imagism and what not. The new insects were at least as ridiculous as the predecessors whom they overthrew. And the one good thing that came out of the "Movement" so-called was a hoax that still seems to me magnificent. Arthur Davison Ficke and Witter Bynner decided that since everyone else was starting schools of poetry they would take a shot at it. Accordingly, they invented a brand-new variety called "Spectrism." The principles of the novel birth went miles beyond Imagism and were in fact so complex and recondite that no highbrow could make head or tail of them. Nevertheless, under assumed names, Ficke and Bynner sold their program and numerous poems, which were of malice

(*Continued on page* 16)

*An Englishman pointed this out to me—which has its irony.

Words for a Season

BY PAUL ENGLE

ANOTHER spring will break
Earth apart with root
And pierce the molded leaf
With the red willow shoot.

Sun will burn through bark
Until the golden blood
Flow up by older branch
To warm the waiting bud.

I would these words were seeds
I could toss into the air
And they could grow to trees
Praising you everywhere.

Years from now you could say,
Here is a forest made
Out of a dead man's mouth,
Lie an hour in its shade.

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"Eccentric of the First Magnitude"

THOREAU. By Henry Seidel Canby. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1939. 508 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

Reviewed by IRWIN EDMAN

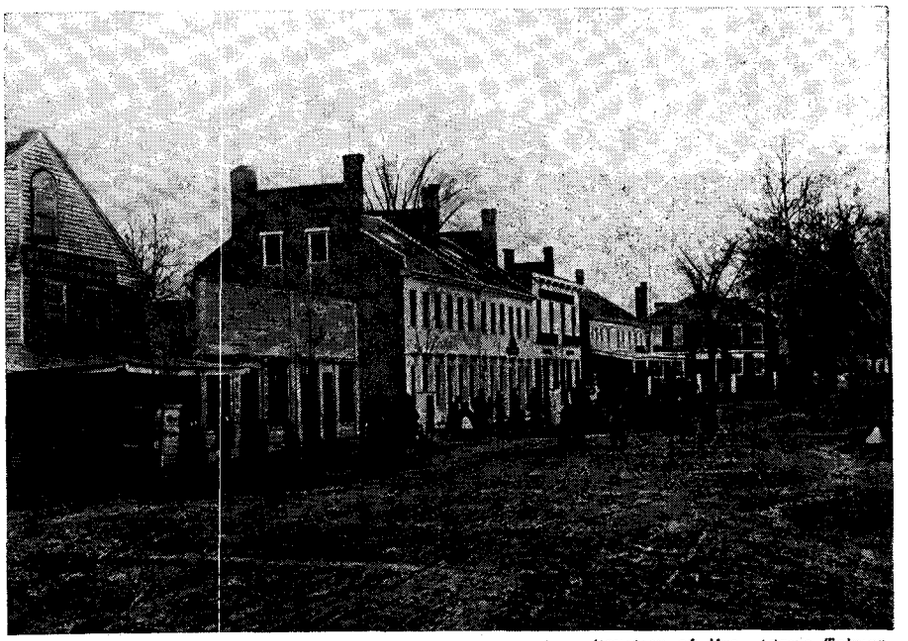
LAST year Carl Van Doren made clear to thousands of readers who knew nothing about Benjamin Franklin but his autobiography and his lightning-rod what a varied great American he was. This year Henry Seidel Canby makes available to thousands of readers another great American, known even by hearsay to far fewer of his countrymen. Mr. Canby makes Thoreau available by giving the context of the author of "Walden" in his family, his village, his period, his reading, and his friends. He does this in the light of much new material not available to Thoreau's nineteenth-century biographers, and in the light of ideas not current among those early biographer-friends who treated Thoreau almost exclusively as the "poet-naturalist." In a deceptively easy-flowing book—for it is marked by care and reflection—he makes Thoreau live as "the would-be lover, the home-bred philosopher, the dynamic individualist." In a particularly discreet and discerning chapter he makes him live, too, as a "maker of sentences," and in his concluding chapter on "Thoreau in History," he makes it clear why he thinks (as, after reading this book, any one would), that Thoreau, whom even the friendly Emerson thought eccentric, is so central and typical and permanent a moral instance and a moral force in the American tradition. He makes evident, too, why Thoreau is growing in stature and in significance, especially now.

It is clear from the outset that Mr. Canby is primarily interested in giving the picture of a mind. For the story of Thoreau, who boasted that he had traveled much without leaving Concord, is primarily the story of a mind or, since so much of passion went into his thinking, a spirit. In addition, Mr. Canby—almost too explicitly at times—is interested in drawing lessons from the picture, or pointing modern morals in terms of the image of Thoreau. The book is really two books, almost, but not quite, fused. It is the story of Thoreau: his boyhood, full of the small-town, small-boy's love of small outdoor adventure; the uneasy and not really awakened and not very interesting college youth at Harvard; Thoreau as surveyor, as schoolteacher, as pencil-maker; the "transcendental triangle" of his unsuccessful romance, if it was a romance; his friendship and the decline of his friendship with Emerson; his experiment in creative solitude at Walden; his championship of John Brown; his "civil disobedience" in the non-payment of the poll-tax; his homesick interlude on Staten Island; his late trip West; his acquaintance with Walt Whitman; his illness and his early death, during the approach of which he was as reflective and as humorously ironic as Socrates. All this is here. But it is enriched with very charming and telling pictures of Thoreau's garrulous mother, his friendly, talkative, prim, high-minded female relatives, the respectable townsmen against whom Thoreau was to inveigh, Thoreau's brother, to whom he was passionately devoted, and the girl with whom, as Mr. Canby convincingly makes out, Henry David Thoreau, as well as his brother, was in love—though how deeply or how genuinely one is left uncertain. It is clear that Mr. Canby is more than persuaded that Thoreau was not a woman-hater, that he knew and felt the difference between love and friendship, and that, far from being a "sexless Platonist" (one wonders what the author of the "Symposium" would have made of that phrase!), Thoreau had a "firsthand experience with the pangs of love."

All this is here indeed, but there is something else. This is a critical analysis of Thoreau, not simply the story of his life. And, while Mr. Canby tells the story well, for this reviewer and, I suspect, for many other readers, the more freshly illuminating part of the book is the consideration, in many respects the reconsideration, of Thoreau as an artist, a moralist, and a philosopher. To the understanding of these things Mr. Canby brings to bear his own literary tact and sympathy, and a judicious selection of those stunning sentences often buried in the pages of the interminable "Journal." Part of the story of the life is used in the analysis, for Mr. Canby makes clearer than others have hitherto succeeded in doing the passage from love of a person—love defeated—to love of Nature in Thoreau.

I cannot help feeling that the biographer is a little too anxious to acquit Thoreau of any trace of latent sexual inversion. The love of Thoreau and his brother for the same girl sounds real enough, and it doubtless played the deep part in Thoreau's life that Mr. Canby says it did. So does Thoreau's affection for Mrs. Emerson. But there are other evidences, on Mr. Canby's own accounting—like Thoreau's poem to an eleven-year-old boy—that lead to other influences.

There can be nothing but admiration for the clarifying account of Thoreau's reasons for desiring solitude and his real concern with society. His relation to John Brown and the slavery question is beautifully proportioned to his love of "life by principle." Mr. Canby's very best analysis is of Thoreau the artist, so inchoate in the larger masses, so diamond-cut in exactitude and in starry brilliance in individual sentences. And he leaves one with a real sense of this "eccentric" of the first magnitude who, in the face of a dollar-chasing, expanding mechanical industrialism, and a democracy growing without distinction, asserted the individual. He leaves us, too, realizing the passion of this student of Nature, to whom Nature meant at once the living fact and the living spirit, and in whom knowledge was deepened by love. Mr. Canby seldom rises or lets himself rise to anything like Thoreau's eloquence, but the spirit of Thoreau lives in these devoted and thorough pages.



Courtesy of Mrs. Adams Tolman

Concord Main Street about 1862

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Salvage and Rescue on the Ocean Floor

MEN UNDER THE SEA. By Edward Ellsberg. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1939. 365 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM BEEBE

JUST ten years ago Commander Edward Ellsberg wrote a successful book entitled "On the Bottom," which dealt with the salvaging, from a depth of more than one hundred and thirty feet, of the sunken submarine S-51. The present volume, "Men under the Sea," begins with an *envoi* to the S-51, and then passes on to the sinking and ultimate salvage of the S-4. Ellsberg shows how the tragic details of this led to the developing of escape mechanisms such as the artificial lungs of Davis and Momsen, and the rescue bell. Later he tells us of his invention of the oxy-hydrogen torch, that paradoxical instrument so valuable in the work of the diver.

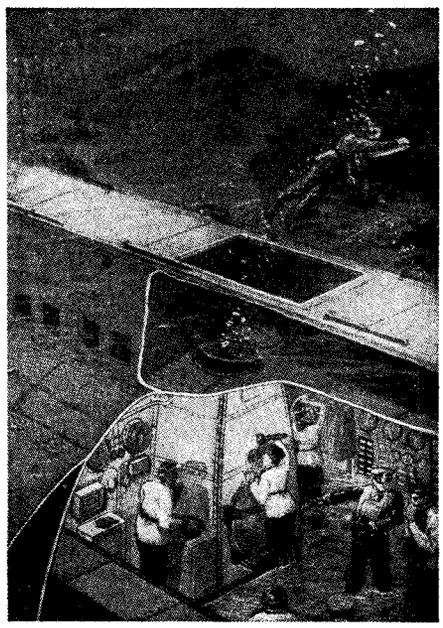
One most interesting chapter deals with the dangers of diving: the risk to ear-drums, and the infinitely more terrible "bends," are discussed with specific failures and remedies. Oxygen intoxication and the dangers arising from the thickness of telephonic speech below fifteen fathoms are made as vivid as personal experience can be. Finally the terrible blowing-up with excess air within the suit completes the list. I am especially glad to find that octopus and sharks are not included in the summary of dangers, that only in faked movie thrillers and melodramatic books are devilfish and sharks "battled hand to hand in desperate combat on the sea floor!"

The second half of the volume deals with the efforts of man to retrieve treasure from sunken ships. The author begins with the *Merida,* the *Lusitania,* and *The Empress of Ireland,* and thoroughly debunks the legends of fabulous wealth in the cargos of these vessels. "Briefly then," he adds, "the *Lusitania* as an object for divers to work on can only be classed as a fraud. There is no treasure in her, and there never was. As a ship, no diver who belongs outside a lunatic asylum would ever wet a suit endeavoring to lift her."

Chapter Fourteen has all the ingredients of a moving-picture tale of sunken treasure, and yet it is sheer fact. It deals with the incredible efforts to locate and salvage the bullion from an old Spanish galleon by one William Phips of Colonial Boston. His fluctuating successes with Charles the Second and later, the Duke of Albemarle, his piratical temptations and his final fantastic success, when his naked divers, from a depth of forty feet, brought up three million dollars' worth of silver ingots and coins, make fasinating reading. Ellsberg's final words are, "Sir William Phips, to the great astonishment of his fellow citizens of Boston who had last seen him barely escaping the stocks, came back to Massachusetts in much state, by virtue of his own good qualities and the diving abilities of a few naked seamen."

The story of the *Egypt's* bars of gold brought up from three hundred and sixty feet is excellently retold, and makes real the dangers encountered and the heroism needed for the success of this deepest record of salvage. Last of the treasure ships was the *Laurentic,* with the constant danger of German attack added to the usual risks of diving. A brief final chapter gives us a vivid summary of the early horrors and ultimate splendid rescue of the crew of the *Squalus.*

Commander Ellsberg happily combines two very effective qualities. First, his personal participation in the submarine salvage diving, so that his report is direct and first-hand. Second, his possession of what Kipling held as so rare a quality—when the man of Achievement does not have to wait upon the man with the Words. The author has an easy, flowing, yet dramatic style, combined with the ability to write telling and convincing dialogue. But even with the personal element and the dialogue left out, as in the chapters on sunken treasure, we find no slackening of power in the diction.



Late type of escape chamber as fitted on modern British submarines.

Commander Ellsberg has given us another bully book on man's heroic efforts to penetrate and conquer the least known portion of the earth—the waters of the seven seas.

Berlin, 1914

NEWS IS WHERE YOU FIND IT: Forty Years' Reporting at Home and Abroad. By Frederic William Wile. Indianapolis. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1939. 505 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

Reviewed by H. J. HASKELL

MR. WILE'S book is well timed. Twenty of his forty years in journalism he spent abroad, thirteen of them in Germany before the first World War. Those years illumine the tragic scene of 1939. He did not return to the United States to live until 1920. Since then he has practised his profession in Washington, most of the time on the editorial staff of the *Washington Star.*

The story of his pre-war service in Berlin is so interesting that by contrast Washington is an anti-climax. Wile has had his adventures with politics and presidents and radio broadcasting. They are drab compared with his observations in the Germany of von Bülow, von Tirpitz, and the Kaiser, culminating in his flight with the British embassy staff when the war broke in 1914. Not that he has such a story to tell as Vincent Sheean or Webb Miller or Pierre van Paassen. Wile is not introspective. Nor is he concerned with character studies of individuals or peoples. As a good reporter he tells clearly and vividly the story of the day. But in the light of recent events that story holds a dreadful interest. We see Hitler's Reich as a fantastic projection of the Reich of the Kaiser and Bülow, just as theirs was a projection of the blood-and-iron Reich of Bismarck.

Wile's father was one of the German Forty-eighters who settled in Indiana. The elder Wile's Jewish faith did not prevent his forming a friendship with the founders of Notre Dame, and to Notre Dame young Freddie was sent. Then came his apprenticeship on Victor Lawson's *Chicago Record* and his assignment to London in 1900 at the end of the Boer war. The next year he went to Berlin and five years later Northcliffe took him to the *Daily Mail.*

The Germany in which Wile lived was strikingly like the Nazi Germany of recent years in some of its essential characteristics. The demand of the third Reich for *Lebensraum* merely echoes Bülow's demand for Germany's "place in the sun." It is impossible to read Bülow's revealing Memoirs without realizing that the Kaiser and the men about him were obsessed with playing the same sort of power politics that Hermann Rauschning has recently described in the policies of

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Frederic William Wile umpiring a baseball game in Berlin.

the elite about Hitler. The Kaiser's Germany did not feel itself a have-not nation. Wile tells of asking Albert Ballin, the master of shipping, whether Britain stood across the path of German's aspirations for world trade. "Nonsense," he exclaimed. "We are conquering Britain without war."

The mass of the people, so far as Wile could observe, had no thought of war, no desire for war. But the dominant military group steadily drove for *der Tag,* whipping up public sentiment to grant the desired appropriations by the same encirclement fantasy that Hitler has used. There was much anti-Semitism, too, although it received no countenance from the Kaiser. Many doors of opportunity were closed to German Jews, and Wile recalls the remark of a leading surgeon that a certain Dr. Bier was "not even German; he's a Jew."

Northcliffe sensed what was coming and tried to arouse England to the danger. He was set down as an extravagant alarmist.

In those fateful years just preceding the catastrophe, the attitude of the German people as reported by Wile was quite like their attitude under Hitler. They were for peace, but they got a great kick from the Kaiser's strutting and saber-rattling. Then at the last, when it was reported that Serbia had rejected Austria's ultimatum, crowds surged through the streets of Berlin shouting for war.

A strange people, the Germans; not individually, but collectively. Wile describes them. To explain them he does not try.

H. J. Haskell is editor of the **Kansas City Star** *and author of "The New Deal in Old Rome."*

Shakespeare as Artist

SHAKESPEARE. By Mark Van Doren. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1939. 344 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by W. T. HASTINGS

"THE airiness of 'As You Like It' is as much the work of thought as the reward of feeling. The comedy seems to balance like a bubble on a point of thin space; yet space in its neighborhood has not worn thin. . . . This, doubtless, is because the sentiments of its author were at the moment in a state of rare equilibrium. . . . Also, however, it is because his mind was tuned to its task. . . . When Rosalind has made her last curtsy and the comedy is done, the pastoral sentiment is without a leg to stand on, yet it stands; and not only stands but dances. The idea of the simple life has been smiled off the earth and yet here it is, smiling back at us from every bough of Arden. . . ."

This opening of the essay on "As You Like It" represents fairly the openings and the procedure in all the essays in Mark Van Doren's "Shakespeare"—one on each play and one on the poems and sonnets: the simplicity, directness, and unconventionality of attack; the early establishment of a controlling conception or point of view (a style, an atmosphere, a character, a theme, to be illuminated); the effortless and unhackneyed felicity of expression. For him each play is to be apprehended as a work of art: "each of them tends to be internally consistent, immediately knowable;" "there is in any of the successful plays a created or creature life, a unity of being . . ." In his Shakespearean metaphysic he thus joins hands with Coleridge and Bradley, and more firmly with Caroline Spurgeon and G. Wilson Knight. This literary-esthetic approach excludes from consideration the influences upon Shakespeare of his age, his theater, his audience, and his fellow playwrights, and rarely deals with the bearing of the source narrative or of problems of technique upon the ultimate character of the play. The Shakespeare with whom he concerns himself is the dramatic poet full of conscious or instinctive wisdom; about each of the plays he has aimed "to say the things that seemed . . . essential" in describing that particular segment or facet of the Shakespearean world.

The validity of such highly personalized criticism depends upon the sensitiveness and penetration of the critic. Mr. Van Doren, who is not only a critic but himself a poet of refined and disciplined taste, triumphantly justifies his procedure. Here are thirty-six essays, all thoughtful and stimulating, and most of them a delight to read. The perfection of his method is shown in those plays in which the dramatic technique, because it is transparent or flawless (as in the "Dream," "Much Ado," and "As You Like It") or irrelevant to the main effect (as in "Cymbeline" and partly in "Macbeth"), can be disregarded without distortion of the critical findings. The method shows at greatest disadvantage in the chronicle plays and the less flawless tragedies, plays which do not yield their secrets up to the merely literary examiner. It shows limitations when applied to plays which go against the critic's grain like the "dark comedies," or which fail to quicken his imagination. But it is the particular triumph of these essays that they can be enjoyed without being believed—or in a temporary suspension of disbelief while delicate fancies are indulged and complex symbolisms traced.

In criticism which aims to epitomize the central meaning of a play there is not room for detailed analyses of character, since the characters are only a part of the poetic-dramatic landscape. Nevertheless some brilliant portraits emerge, notably those of Richard III, Richard II, Hotspur, Rosalind, Lear, and Imogen. Of special interest, also, is the description of "Hamlet" as an imaginative unit which defies analysis: "neither the hero nor his play can be taken apart."

Much of Mr. Van Doren's philosophy of Shakespeare criticism lies behind that remark.

Lusha Nelson

Mark Van Doren

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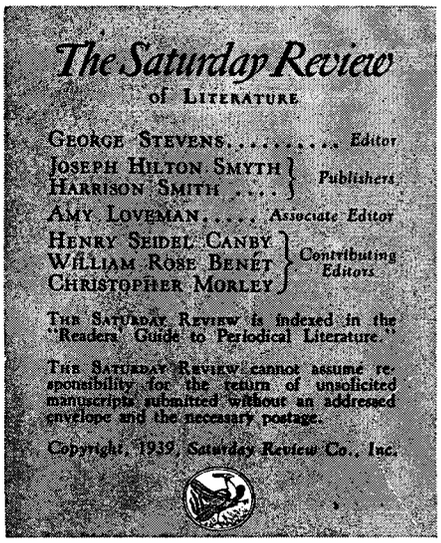
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Dictators, Democrats, and Detectives

PRESS dispatches from Italy a few weeks ago brought word that detective novels by Agatha Christie and Edgar Wallace had been included in the latest book-banning spree of the Fascist Party. To many readers this action was just another instance of the humorless stupidity of dictatorships. But to those who stopped to recall the genesis, history, and premises of detective fiction it came as no surprise. For the detective story is essentially a democratic institution; produced only in democracies; dramatizing, under the bright cloak of entertainment, many of the traditions and privileges that set constitutional lands apart from those less fortunate.

It is a truism that the detective story cannot exist save where long-standing real-life detection has preceded it. And detection (in the words of the late E. M. Wrong of Oxford) "cannot flourish until the public has an idea of what constitutes proof." No democratic heritage is more jealously cherished by free peoples than the right of fair trial—the credo that no man shall be convicted of crime in the absence of good and sufficient evidence. The relation between detection and evidence is manifest. Evidence is the commodity, the aim and object of detection: its sole purpose and justification. Detection exists because democracies require and safeguard evidence, because they must attempt to apprehend and punish the actual perpetrators of crime, not the first or most politically acceptable victims who come to hand. This is true not only because the citizens of republics demand and expect fair play and impartial justice, but because it is the only method by which states that rule by consent rather than force curb and control crime.

No such scruples have ever afflicted despotisms of either the ancient or modern variety. It is easy to understand why detection, as distinct from espionage, and its fictional corollary have played little part in them. Where civil rights do not exist, where star chamber methods prevail, where "justice" is dispensed by self-constituted autocracies and oligarchies, confident of their supreme wisdom and divine rightness on all occasions (even if the rules must be changed in the middle of the game!), there is obviously slight need or opportunity for methodical criminal investigation with logic and impartiality for its objectives. It is similarly comprehensible why dictatorships should seek to discourage the reading of imported detective stories, as in the recent Italian instance. No literary form so irrevocably wedded to the exercise of reason as the detective novel could conceivably be welcomed by governments dependent on unquestioning acceptance of delusive propaganda for survival. The spontaneous revulsion of citizens of democracies when accounts of the farcical Reichstag fire trial in Hitler's Germany and the fantastic Stalin purge trials in Russia were published was not only a testimony to their humanitarianism; it was a revelation as well of deeply rooted differences of thought. Millions who had been only vaguely aware of distantly conflicting philosophies suddenly felt themselves personally outraged by these travesties on institutions so sacred in democracies that they have come to be taken for granted. Totalitarian sophists, of course, would be delighted to have us misled by the surface similarity of true criminal investigation (object: impartial evidence for the legal determination of guilt) and the police-spy systems of dictatorship (object: manufactured evidence for political ends). Actually the two are, *suorum generum*, the landmarks of opposite poles of civilization.

But—the alert reader may object—why should virtually all detective stories worth the name be limited (as they are) to England, France, America, and, to a lesser extent, the Scandinavian commonwealths? What, for instance, of the Central European republics between 1918 and the Brown Plague? Why did they fail to produce significant detective fiction? In the first place, aside from larger political implications, there is no guaranty that even centuries of democracy and competent criminal procedure will produce a corresponding literature in *every* race or land—any more than notable music or art can be accurately forecast. To borrow a phrase from the law, the relationship is permissive, not mandatory. In the second place, there has always been a substantial "time-lag" between real-life detection and its literary counterpart.

An eminent devotee of detective fiction, the Lord Chief Justice of England, Lord Hewart of Bury, has suggested in his delightful *obiter dicta* that "the detective story, as distinct from the crime story, flourishes only in a settled community where the readers' sympathies are on the side of law and order, and not on the side of the criminal who is trying to escape from justice." This is another and more ingenious way of saying what has been set forth in the preceding paragraphs. It is an expression of the same fundamental contradiction between We and They in government—the distinction, again, between government by consent and government by force. When the government is Our government, Our sympathies are on the side of the law We made. When the government is Their government, Our sympathies are instinctively with the lone wretch ("there but for the grace of God go I") whom They are hunting down. Tyranny not only hatches rebels, but a subsequent literature of roguery: *vide* Robin Hood and his "blood" brothers in benevolent crime. When a government is truly popular, the Robin Hoods are few and far between. The brief American glorification of the gangster had its origin in the lifetime of an unpopular law; when the law was repealed, it quickly evaporated. We still have lovable rascals in the literatures of the democracies, but they grow notably fewer with the passing of time. That they will ever completely disappear is unlikely—sympathy for the underdog is a democratic trait, too. Perhaps the very preference of detective story readers for the amateur who succeeds where the official police fail is an unconscious survival, a last, vestigial, inverted remnant of the Robin Hood instinct!

But the important thing to know is that detection and the detective story thrive pretty much in direct proportion to the strength of the democratic tradition and the essential decency of nations; while the closer governments approach tyranny and barbarism, the less likely we are to find conscientious criminal investigation or any body of competent detective literature.

Wars, it is said have been won on the playing fields of Eton. By the same hyperbolic license, one might suggest that today's grim events abroad represent a struggle between the kind of civilizations whose ministers find their recreation in detective novels—and conflicting concepts that have no use for a literary form so instinct with logic, fair play, justice, and denial of force and lawlessness. The point may seem a trivial one, but it symbolizes inherent boundaries of the mind that do not stop with the Atlantic Ocean.

HOWARD HAYCRAFT.

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Letters to the Editor: *"What They Read During the Last War"*

Out of Their Mouths

SIR:—In your issue of September 23, Burton Rascoe credits to William Archer the compilation of "Out of Their Own Mouths." Back in 1917, when the book first appeared, the editing was credited to Munroe Smith —which is not a pseudonym of Mr. Archer.

Americans had to be pushed into war, by that year, rather than be urged to remain neutral. In "Out of Their Own Mouths," William Roscoe Thayer's introduction scolds us that "we did not sufficiently allow for the effect of the inordinate ambition and monstrous vanity of even a neurotic monarch working upon a people like the German."

William Archer did, however, compile a collection of "Gems (?) of German Thought" (the query is his own), bringing together jewels from the mouthpieces of "Deutschland über Alles." Mr. Smith's book is also a selection from the utterances of German ministers, publicists, militarists, etc.—just as startling and tragic an assemblage of facts as Clara Leiser's recent "Lunacy Becomes Us, By Adolf Hitler and His Associates"—but not half as funny. We were at war by that time.

Messrs. Archer and Smith may have been called out of order had they written their pieces in 1914, but Miss Leiser had her public early this spring, even before America knew what spark would start the flames. Thus American propaganda is at least three years ahead of the analagous situation of 1914. Not until after three years of battle were we in the mood to learn more of exactly what these Germans were, whom we were fighting.

Like myself, other readers of *The Saturday Review* hope that Mr. Rascoe will write a sequel to his article, further comparing by chapter and verse, the books of 1914-18 with those of 1939 *et sequentia.*

JOSEPH B. RIVLIN.
The New York Public Library
New York City

"Sapper"

SIR:—I have read Burton Rascoe's article in the *S. R. L.* with the greatest interest. I note one small and excusable error, his making "Sapper," Col. Swinton.

Sapper was Lt.-Col. H. C. McNeile, who died within the last ten years. Col. Swinton wrote at least one book of short stories, "The Green Curue," under the pseudonym of "Ole Luk. Die."

I have put the article *entire* among my war books and am delighted to have it to refer to.

JOHN W. CUMMIN.
Boston, Mass.

"Best damn book I ever read!"

"The Tragic Comedians"

SIR:—Your reader who inquired about the background of George Meredith's "The Tragic Comedians" would do well to get hold of a copy of James Gibbons Huneker's "The Pathos of Distance" (Scribner's, 1913, and still in print). All the details are there, brilliantly told ("A Half-Forgotten Romance," p. 49-69), as this paragraph will exemplify: "If you have read Meredith's vivid but one-sided book you will not need to be told that its Tragic Comedians, Clotilde von Rudiger and Sigismund Alvan, are masks for the high-born Helena von Doenniges, daughter of General von Doenniges, Bavarian ambassador to Switzerland—it was before the consolidation of the German Empire—and the celebrated agitator, brilliant writer, so-called father of German socialism, Ferdinand Lassalle. Meredith told the story in his own crackling, incendiary style, after the appearance of Helena's book—veritable confessions of her relations with Lassalle." Huneker once saw Helena, now Countess von Schevitsch, late in the eighties at Werle's family hotel, at the northeast corner of Irving Place and 17th Street. She published a book of short stories here about "proletarian life" on the East Side. In October, 1911, she committed suicide at Munich.

Sinclair Lewis, I note, prized Huneker "not so much as a sound appraiser but because he furnished the young yearner so many lovely names of Czech etchers and Finnish trioletists." This treason appeared in *The New Yorker,* January 2, 1937.

EARLE F. WALBRIDGE.
New York City.

(The editors are also indebted to Annie G. Shufeldt of Cambridge, Mass., for a letter identifying the characters of "The Tragic Comedians.")

We Say It's Broccoli

SIR:—Regarding Quercus's mention of broccoli, the vegetable mentioned by English writers is not the same as the sprouting or Italian broccoli, also called Calabrese, now popular in America. Both are the progeny of the cabbage, Brassica oleracea, but they are very different in character. The English broccoli is a large late or long-season cauliflower, sufficiently hardy to be left in the garden over winter, to mature its heads in spring. This is a variant of Brassica oleracea var. botrytis. Our succulent green broccoli is Brassica oleracea var. asparagoides, hence sometimes called asparagus broccoli. It has long been grown in Europe, and was, I think, introduced here by Italian gardeners.

E. T. ROYLE.
Maywood, N. J.

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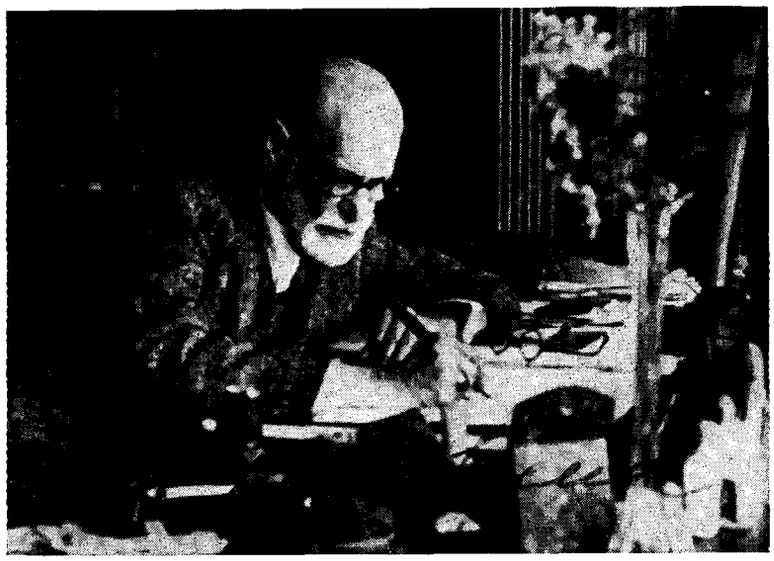
Freud's Influence on Literature

BY BERNARD DEVOTO



Sigmund Freud: 1856-1939

SIGMUND FREUD did not found the psychology of the unconscious, but he gave it a technique of investigation and the first set of hypotheses it had ever had, and his place in the developing science is approximately that of Pasteur's in bacteriology. The field was so unmapped and ambiguous that hypotheses used to direct research changed rapidly, and at Freud's death psychoanalytical theory is very different from what it was when it first attracted public attention some thirty-five years ago. Throughout the process of testing and rejection, Freud held fast to the phenomena of human behavior, abandoning the hypotheses he could not square with them and refusing to argue the verbalisms that excited many of his colleagues, critics, and disciples. It is this appeal to facts of behavior that distinguishes him from such "secessionists" as Jung. No matter how complexly elaborated, Freud's theory is constantly referred to *things,* to observed and recorded phenomena; Jung's theory is a Hegelian marriage of word and syllogism which leads to a morass of uncontrolled mysticism. There were both verbalism and mysticism in Freudian theory at the beginning; at his death the structure of psychoanalysis has been so cleansed of them that only the theory of the death-wish is suspect.

In all history few scientists have had so immediate an effect on the thought of their time, and probably no other scientist has ever had so strong and so widespread an influence on literature. Like the mid-nineteenth century hypothesis of natural selection, the Freudian theory of the unconscious found the world ready, even ripe, for it, both intellectually and emotionally. Like natural selection, also, it was distorted by ignorance and enthusiasm on the one hand and by ignorance and opposition on the other till much that worked into popular consciousness was altogether divorced from the approximations, tentatives, and verifications of the clinic. Nevertheless long before Freud died the basic principles of his work had become part of the common intellectual property of mankind. They are now implicit in the way men habitually think about one another and the most casual traffic of human beings—an advertisement on a billboard, two minutes' conversation on a subway platform—have shapes and emphases that result from a changed way of looking at the world.

Ultimately this deeper understanding of how men feel and why they act will prove to have been Freud's greatest assistance to imaginative literature, but his earliest influence was on content and method. Throughout the last half of the nineteenth century fiction grew steadily more subjective till with Dostoievsky and Henry James it reached a field which intersects the one Freud was to explore. (Freud regarded the artist as a dynamic psychologist, who reaches intuitively and in the round conclusions no less valid than those which the analyst comes to by dismemberment and in the flat—and he borrowed from poetic drama the title of his first great generalization.) When Freud took up the theory of the stream of consciousness which William James had popularized, however, and showed that the phenomenon it described had both pattern and psychic necessity, he gave fiction not only a new way of probing experience but also new narrative methods. The effect of this and his other loans to fiction is inestimable. The curve of world-thought and the divination of his own psychosis had brought Proust, for example, to Freudian perceptions and methods alike before he read Freud, but his later work owes a specific debt; the equally intuitive Joyce felt the influence earlier and more specifically. Neither would have written as he did without the instruments that Freud fitted to their hands, and very few novelists of the last two decades have failed to make use of them—even when their use was unconscious or merely imitative. What may be called psychoanalytical fiction was a literary fashion and it has already waned, but the basis in motive of individual behavior is the foremost consideration of both fiction and psychoanalysis, and though the Freudian instruments will be regarded as only one kind of tool for novelists, the light which his theory directs into the dark places of the mind will be a permanent possession of fiction. His future influence, that is, will be on the novelists, not novels. Beyond that, in the philosophical extension of his theory, the later novels of Thomas Mann, rather than Joyce, probably indicate the direction of evolution.

Psychoanalytically, the writing of fiction is analogous to dreaming, it utilizes the same energies and much of the same mechanism—which helps to explain the usefulness of the Freudian tools. The analogy with poetry is even more basic. It requires an intricate abstraction to state a difference between word-making and dream-making. The elements of poetic language—metaphor, synecdoche, and all the rest—are the elements of dream, and the unconscious symbolisms of thought are the primary symbolisms of poetry. There has been no continuous relationship between Freud's theories and twentieth-century poetry, and

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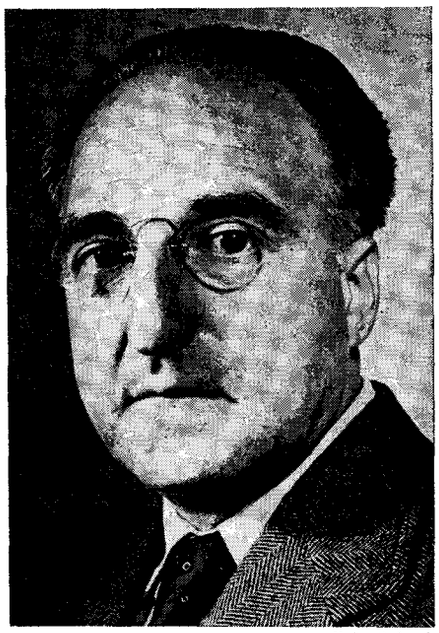
his most obvious influence has been exerted on the lesser poets. Nevertheless, besides giving poets a new way of reporting experience, he did exercise a direct and sometimes important influence; when poetry occupied itself with unconscious symbolism it was frequently a direct application of Freud. Such a poem as Eliot's "Gerontion," for instance, owes its reference and meaning, its symbols, and its acceptance as experience to a conscious, specific use of Freud's ideas. Much of what has been found unintelligible in modern poetry issues from a paradoxical desire of poets to apply the Freudian dynamics at second hand. And if poets younger than the "unintelligibles" have found a simpler, more concrete way of achieving the result at first hand, it is partly because they have got from Freud a more profound understanding of symbolism and because the widening public knowledge of Freud has made poetic hieroglyphs more widely communicative. Yet Freud himself pointed out that psychoanalysis and poetry are not complementary but coterminous, and by psychoanalytical theory the poet who tries to write as a psychologist of the unconscious is absurd: one rides a bicycle, one does not carry it on one's back.

Apart from imaginative literature, Freud's influence has been immense and immeasurable. There is no department of literature, as there are few branches of human activity, that psychoanalysis has not affected. Its application in literary criticism has been widespread and, since inexpert enthusiasts have done most of it, commonly disastrous; curiously, only a small beginning has been made in the most promising field, the study of the creative process. The basic Freudian ideas have worked into education, the law, economics, history, sociology, criminology, and all other studies of society and the individual—with results easy enough to see but impossible to evaluate. That the application of Freudian theory to anything except individual psychology is limited and as yet uncontrollable has deterred no one, and much of the activity carried on in Freud's name is appalling to psychoanalysts. Often his most speculative ideas have found the most enthusiastic and most dubious applications. Thus "Totem and Taboo," which wanders farther from the consulting room than any other of his books, erected a whole school of anthropology whose activity was purely deductive. Yet even here the work of such men as Malinowski has restored scientific procedure and achieved such brilliant results as to suggest that, properly controlled, the hypotheses may be as useful in the social sciences as they have proved to be in medicine. In short, the Freudian hypotheses are a fructifying energy in twentieth-century thought, an energy which has ramified more widely than any other.

Psychoanalysis breaks from the intellectual history of the nineteenth-century along three cleavage lines. Freud created dynamic psychology, and so broke with nineteenth-century mechanism. All the philosophical implications of his work are pessimistic, and so he broke with positivism, utilitarianism, and Hegelianism. But most of all he is part of the great twentieth century effort to discover, define, and survey the boundaries of reason and rationality, limits which had hardly existed for the nineteenth century. The psychology of the unconscious is essentially a study of the irrational and its place in human experience. Since it is a psychology of the individual, it cannot properly be compared with the sociological, historical, and metaphysical explorations which have developed in our time, but obviously it is part of the common movement. Thus, when Pareto talks about Residues he is discussing in social systems phenomena roughly equivalent to a complex or a fixation in the individual unconscious, and when he talks about Derivations he is discussing the social equivalent of what Freud means by rationalization. The exploration of the unconscious is the exploration of the irrational, but its object is the furtherance of reality—and clearly Freud is not an anti-intellectual. It is here that his part in directing the main current of twentieth-century thought becomes decisive.

There is a noble and tragic poetry in his vision of man's journey deathward from childhood, beset by terrors whose shape and import are disguised from him, striving to discipline a primitive inheritance of delusion and rebellion into a livable accord with reality, striving to establish mastery over disruptive instincts, striving to achieve a social adaptation of anarchic drives. It is an exalted vision—and a stern one, since it sets up the sense of reality as the highest criterion. Healing and even optimistic as it relates to the individual, it is charged with fatality for the race as a whole. Civilization has laid on mankind, Freud said, an increasingly complex burden of adaptation and transformation, which mankind has been increasingly unable to sustain, and he saw the last war as primarily a headlong regression to a more tolerable because more simple level of psychic life. The war showed the modern consciousness incapable of discharging the obligations which it had to accept. The new war, breaking out at the moment of his death, has given that terrible judgment the dignity of an Old Testament rhapsody.



Eric Schaal

Louis Untermeyer

Jeweler's Work

FROM ANOTHER WORLD. The Autobiography of Louis Untermeyer. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1939. 394 pp., with index. $3.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THIS autobiography is a memoir to serve as criticism, and belongs in the tradition of that readable kind. Not that Louis Untermeyer is any more traditional than the rest of us, but rather, because, like a French abbé of the eighteenth century, his gift has been talking, his vocation the exchange of ideas, his success a shrewd and witty commentary on life. The literary life, the intellectual life, of course—only brains and personalities *have* interested him. There is an ultimate account of the famous prosecution of the old ***Masses*** in a wartime attack on freedom of speech—but it is the individuals that one remembers from that chapter—Art Young, Max Eastman, Floyd Dell, John Reed.

This essentially light-hearted poet and satirist has the gift of loosening reticence. A great talker, as he says himself (only Robert Frost can interrupt him), he sees and feels while he talks, and when responses are possible they come charged with reaction. Philosophies do not interest him, but the facets, the chasings, the colors, the design, the quality of art and intellect of his friends excite him and register with (so it seems to this reviewer) extraordinary accuracy. I am using terms from Louis Untermeyer's other profession—he was for years a manufacturing jeweler — purposely, since this book is in the best sense a collection of jeweler's critiques, intended to

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interest and to please by quality and virtuosity.

It is in this way, and talking brilliantly as he goes, that he describes amusingly his own early struggles toward music and poetry; and then sets down in an informal conversation, in which, nevertheless, every remark is pointed, his impressions of the literary personalities of the twenties who were his friends. Amy Lowell is here, in her best portrait, Elinor Wylie sympathetically yet shrewdly done, Robert Frost with more of the man than usually gets into studies of the poet, Vachel Lindsay in a vivid and true picture of his extraordinary personality, Mencken, Rockwell Kent, D. H. Lawrence, William Rose Benét (an engaging portrait), Sinclair Lewis, Isadora Duncan, E. A. Robinson, Sara Teasdale. These talks about people as friends cannot be regarded as satisfactory critiques of them as authors; they are not intended to be three-dimensional studies of life, work, and times; but every one has something of that inescapable quality of the living personality which is lost to the ultimate biographer unless captured and presented in words by some recorder as sensitive and as intelligent as Louis Untermeyer. He calls his book "From Another World." He might justly have subtitled it, "Personal Record for Posterity of the Teens and the Twenties."

Good talk is rare, and getting rarer. Here is a book of it, with valuable subject-matter and no let-down from beginning to end. Even the sinister Mussolini responds to raillery, sparkles a bit, and presents the author with a picture of himself in the act of playing a violin.

Three Suitors

BREAKNECK BROOK. By Margaret Flint. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1939. 270 *pp.* $2.50.

MARGARET FLINT writes about her native Maine with affection, but in this case without any great inspiration. "Breakneck Brook" is a placid story of a young girl's indecision about her suitors—of which there are three; a local farmer, a childhood friend, and a romantic city man. Thurlow Parks is a country girl who refuses to go to college because her real love is the farm, its rocky brook, and the sunny kitchen. Her sister Beth, the "worldly" one, and her widowed mother, to say nothing of various female relatives, are convinced that she will be an old maid. The solution is as wholesome and as predictable as autumn apples. It is a pleasant, thin little story and adds nothing at all to Miss Flint's promising beginning in "The Old Ashburn Place."

Self-Made Painter

AN AMERICAN ARTIST'S STORY. By George Biddle. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1939. 326 *pp., with index.* $4.

Reviewed by FRANK JEWETT MATHER

THE author of this highly variegated and very interesting autobiography spent most of his mature years in resolutely living down his family name and a Groton-Harvard education. Steps in this process were the tardy exchange of a lawyer's career for a painter's; study and dalliance in the Paris of Mary Cassatt, Gertrude Stein, James Joyce, and Jules Pascin; previous experience as a cowboy in the Southwest and as a mounted wayfarer in Mexico; an idyllic interlude as a painter in Hawaii. Such were the main stages of emancipation, with the only relapse into Biddledom and Grotonism, volunteering in the A. E. F. and faithful if intelligently dissenting service as a captain in army intelligence. Another form of education not countenanced at Groton was a series of amorous and matrimonial experiments. Mr. Biddle emerged from all this his own man, an excellent decorative painter, and a socially-minded person.

It was he who first proposed to his Groton mate, become President Roosevelt, the program of government-supported mural painting which was carried out successfully, if under somewhat confused and conflicting administrative auspices. Ultimately Mr. Biddle's able murals for the Department of Justice came under the jurisdiction of the grave and reverend seniors of the Capital's Art Commission, which emitted such gems of conservative thought as the following: Representations of work were inappropriate in a building dedicated to justice; they belonged to the Department of Labor, while one could hardly expect a true and competent Americanism in mural painting outside the former fellows of the American Academy at Rome. Having put itself on record, the Art Commission permitted Mr. Biddle's frescoes to remain where they had been painted. The commissionary bark was worse than its bite.

George Biddle: a self-portrait

Mr. Biddle's literary skill in description and characterization is perhaps most vividly displayed in the pages devoted to his childhood. The sketch of that nurse Annie, who in the stead of an invalid and life-fearing mother, ruled the orphaned young folk by force and craft, is simply unforgettable. This gift of verbal portraiture gives the book distinction.

One can heartily recommend this book for present reading and for keeping. In its way it is a history of the generation that straddled the World War, and as time goes, on, its documentary value should increase.

Man and Boy

HARDLY A MAN IS NOW ALIVE. By Dan Beard. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1939. 361 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

WOODSMAN, artist, conservationist, founder of the Boy Scout, and above all inveterate boy, old Dan Beard has done so much in his life, and meant so much indirectly in the lives of many a boy who is now himself an expectant grandfather, that hardly a man can realize that Dan Beard is not a legend, like Old Dan Tucker, and not exactly an historical character, like Dan'l Boone. This, his autobiography, carries the story of his life from an Ohio and Kentucky boyhood, in the days of the Civil War, when Morgan's raiders scared the lights and liver out of Ohio, down to the present. His triumphs as an adult receive but modest recognition in the book: he is, for instance, a repeating retriever of gold medals, he has had snow-covered towering peaks named in his honor; a bronze tablet tells where he was born in the Queen City. And—listen, Boy Scouts—he has a Golden Eagle Badge, the only one ever awarded. If you want to win one yourself, read his book and see how its done.

And how is that, Mr. Bones? Why, Mistah Interlocutor, it seems that first you have to be born a boy. Then you have to catch a lot of lickings at school, and get whaled at home, reg'lar, and you must stand up to bullies from the other side of the tracks, and get chased by policemen for jumping from the roof of one alley shed to the next, and at the proper age you must hate the girls in public and kiss them behind the cellar door, and march behind the ensign of the striped shirt, in the willow-whistle and tin-pan corps, and you all may yet be rulers of the queen's navee.

Needless to say Beard met everybody, in the course of such a long public career, and for the older reader there is a charm about this book in seeing the world populated with

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the whiskered worthies of the day of Hayes and Garfield and the first Roosevelt. But the peculiar value and memorable character of the book will be found in the childhood reminiscences of a typical American boyhood. It recalls Charles Dudley Warner's "A Boy's Town" and Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy." It would be too much to say that it ranks with the immortal "Tom Sawyer." It should, however, make an admirable Christmas present for your hobbledehoy, and you will treasure it for the skill, humor, and undeniable charm of the author-artist's own illustrations.

A Prince on Nothing a Year

HIS MAJESTY OF CORSICA. By Valerie Pirie. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1939. 400 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

WE have the assurance of history that there was a Theodore, "Baron" von Neuhoff who claimed for a season to be king of Corsica, and we have the assurance of the author of this biography that all the adventures here recorded really did happen to Theodore and can be verified from the documents and from a formidable bibliography. Otherwise we would be inclined to believe that Theodore had been invented as the epitome of all the plausible scoundrels and daring intriguers who swagger their way through the pages of eighteenth-century memoirs and through cloak-and-sword fiction ever since.

The son of a penniless Westphalian nobleman who married beneath him, Theodore started as a page at the Versailles of Louis XIV; but no one milieu was ever able to retain his restless interest for long. Among the sharpers of the period few knew better how to live like a prince on nothing a year; he worked successively for the exiled Stuarts, for Charles XII of Sweden, for Cardinal Alberoni and his rascally successor Riperda in Spain, for the French, for the Austrians, for the Turks, but always mainly for Theodore, and when fate threw the naive Corsican patriots in his way, his gifts as a confidence man induced them for a time to recognize him as king of Corsica. That brief hour of glory was his ruin; one cannot return to the business of acting as cicerone to dull-witted diplomats and betraying state secrets at a reasonable figure after one has been a crowned monarch; for one thing, because one is too conspicuous. Consequently, Theodore's last years were in the most edifying tradition of the eighteenth-century picaresque. Horace Walpole wrote a jesting plea for his relief when he lay a prisoner for debt at King's Bench, and an enterprising undertaker gave him a burlesque royal funeral as an advertisement of his trade after he had broken his health in the gutters of oblivious London. But for a boy who was reared at Versailles, perhaps an hour of kingship was worth the candle.

In a rapidly paced and colorful narrative of this almost incredible life, Mrs. Pirie always puts her hero's best foot foremost. If she does not quite conceal that Theodore was really no more than a clever and engaging swindler for whom she has an amiable weakness, she is skillful enough to communicate that weakness so that the reader will close the book almost wishing that Theodore I had retained his island kingdom, and be quite ready to crown him a kinglet among eighteenth-century adventurers. Mrs. Pirie has a quick eye for dramatic bits of characterization and local color; her incidental episodes are as good as her main story. It's a long time since this reviewer has read so diverting a yarn.

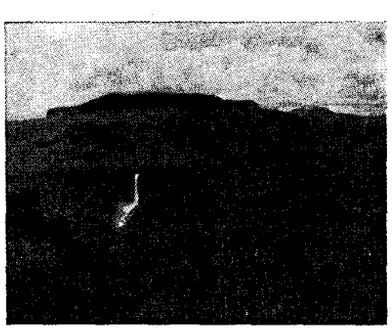
South American Jungles

TO THE LOST WORLD. By Paul A. Zahl. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1939. 268 *pp.* $2.75.

BACK OF BEYOND. By Harold H. Noice. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1939. 247 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS J. HALLE, JR.

IT is a curious circumstance that the wilds of northern South America are best known to our world through books by two authors who never saw them. Hudson's "Green Mansions" and Conan Doyle's "The Lost World" were both drawn from imagination. The main difference between Dr. Zahl, author of the current account of the "lost world," and Conan Doyle's hero, Professor Challenger, is that the former is an actual scientist who did actually lead an expedition to the isolated plateau of Mt. Roraima in Venezuela (the supposed scene of the professor's exploits) and did actually collect specimens of its fauna. These specimens, let it be said immediately, were giant ants, not brontosaurs! Even truth may be less strange than Conan Doyle's fiction. But the scenery that Dr. Zahl reports is no less spectacular than that in the midst of which his fictional predecessor found again the lost world of the Mesozoic. The grand escarpment is here, towering for miles over the jungles and savannas along the Guiana border, and pouring from its brink gigantic waterfalls that turn to mist before they reach the land below.



King Edward VIII waterfalls in British Guiana, recently discovered. (From "To the Lost World.")

Dr. Zahl's narrative of the expedition is informative and enthusiastic throughout. Occasionally, inspired by the grandeur of the scenery (which his photographs fully bear out), his style rises to literary distinction; again, his enthusiasm betrays him into expressions of sentiment a trifle too rich for easy digestion. The literary level is uneven, but the matter, whether scenery, Indians, ants, or diamond-prospecting, is uniformly absorbing and sometimes impressive.

If the material in "Back of Beyond" is equally impressive in itself, it is made less so in the telling by the author's sensationalism. On a one-man expedition to photograph Indians in the depths of the Brazilian jungle near the frontiers of Colombia and Venezuela, Harold Noice made his way up a distant tributary of the Amazon to "the kingdom of Jurupari, the demon god of the jungle." His account of the expedition and the savages he visited, though it ostensibly deals with true experiences, is in the debased tradition of penny adventure-fiction. All the old props and clichés are included: tom-toms, spiritual somethings, demonism, battle of wild animals in the jungle, the bleached bones of the white man (usually called Richardson, as here) who had to return to meet his fate at the hands of the savages. Mixed in with all this is a great deal of straightforward and convincing material that, like good apples packed among bad, is spoiled by its context. There are also some picturesque photographs, retouched, including one that looks like a photomontage.

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Tricks versus Truth

THE FINE ART OF PROPAGANDA: A STUDY OF FATHER COUGHLIN'S SPEECHES, prepared by the Institute of Propaganda Analysis. Edited by Alfred McClung Lee and Elizabeth Briant Lee. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1939. 140 *pp. Cloth,* $1.50. *Paper,* 75c.

Reviewed by H. A. OVERSTREET

IT is a sign of the times that a new logic is taking shape among us, one geared to the social scene. Hitherto we have had two great logics, Aristotle's and Bacon's. Aristotle's described the smooth movement of the reasoning mind from known premises to implied conclusions. It had nothing to do with the irrational "reasons" and emotionalized persuasions of the social world. It was essentially the logic of the philosopher. Bacon's logic addressed itself to the scientist. It was an effort, mistaken at times, to encourage effective thought-habits in scientific research. It, too, except for a few excursions into some of our basic delusions, kept itself clear of the social scene.

Today, when the problems involved in living even safely together bulk largest in our lives, it is not surprising that a new logic, addressing itself to our perplexed social thinking, should begin to take shape among us. Living together, in the complex and rapidly changing ways that are now our destiny, involves an unprecedented amount of communication. Uncounted millions of words are written and spoken: words of persuasion, of command, of policy, of mutual agreement, of disagreement—all kinds of words. Society moves forward—or backward—to the sound of words. Words, we now know, have in them the power of life and death. They can be instruments of clarification or of mystification, of honest guidance or sinister misdirection.

If there is to be a logic of society, then, it must concern itself with the good and the evil men do with words. It must show us how to use words rightly, and how to be quick to detect words used to our hurt. Such a logic has, for a number of years, been in process of formation. In the fields of law, economics, politics, and public opinion a number of noteworthy efforts have been made to expose the verbal tricks whereby the unwary citizen is deceived. Of particular importance has been the work of the Institute for Propaganda Analysis. It has succeeded in making a double contribution: first, by analyzing the tricks of bad propaganda so that even the swiftest runner may read; second, by so spreading the knowledge of these tricks throughout the land—especially in schools and colleges—that it has probably done more to make Americans propaganda-conscious than any other agency.

"The Fine Art of Propaganda," under the able editorship of the Lees, continues this admirable work, and with a bite and timeliness that should make it of particular value just now. In this little volume the Institute takes in hand America's Number One propagandist. It does not inveigh against him. It allows him, through his own words, to render justice to himself. It takes selections from his speeches, and finally one whole speech, and points out, word by word, the presence of the seven cardinal tricks of the propagandist: name-calling, glittering generality, transfer, testimonial, plain folks, card-stacking, and band-wagon. When the job is done, there is no doubt left about the words of the priestly Father's mouth: they are unacceptable to honest thinkers.

The book will bear reading not only for its devastating exposure of Father Coughlin's sophistic tricks, but for the help it gives in guarding us against being taken in by other insidious speakers and writers. These are days when the voice of the barbarian is trained to subtlety. It is therefore no time for the honest citizen to be gullible. He has to bestir himself to learn the verbal tricks of those who seek to use him for their own purposes. This book—and others like it—is a necessary preparation for Americans who wish to guard themselves and their civilization against the new barbarism.

H. A. Overstreet is the author of "Influencing Human Behavior" and other books on philosophy and psychology.

Fanatics in Illinois

THEY SOUGHT FOR PARADISE. By Stuart David Engstrand. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1939. 272 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JAMES GRAY

ONE of the most extraordinary of the recurring themes in nineteenth century history has to do with the effort to establish, on our American soil, ideal communities, religious in their inspiration, socialistic in their economy. Among the immigrants there were many such groups, fleeing from persecution in Russia, Germany, France, Portugal. Even the Scandinavians, whose complicated temperament we are fatuously content to simplify and classify as stolid, were subject to these waves of fervor. Under Eric Jansson, a group of the exalted made an heroic flight out of Sweden, across Norway, to establish themselves at last in western Illinois. It is this episode which lends the varied interest of its drama to this dignified and able novel.

The traditional view of Jansson is that he was a typical *religieux,* with definite gifts of leadership and a profound sincerity. His murderer, Root, is represented as an adventurer, a wastrel, and an ordinary criminal. Mr. Engstrand claims engrossed attention for his book by declaring in every episode of his novel that this is all a pack of lies, invented perhaps deliberately by apologists for "the prophet." His own interpretation is that Jansson was a monstrous charlatan, a kind of combination of Stalin and Elmer Gantry, who debauched the women of his following, robbed the men, lived well while his followers starved, and exploited labor without conscience.

The whole story becomes, under this treatment, one of sexual aberration, masquerading as religious fervor. As a Freudian interpreter of religious ecstasy, Mr. Engstrand has been deft enough; but as a craftsman he has made one serious tactical error. Into the Jansson group he introduces, as his central character, a disbeliever who has followed Jansson simply in the hope of protecting his promised bride, a victim of the prophet's gift for inspiring hysteria. Poor Nils Nilsson is at a tragic disadvantage throughout the book both as man and as hero. For he must constantly stand sulkily on the edge of the narrative, submitting to the grossest kind of humiliation and doing nothing effective to relieve his feelings. His eventual revolt against the dictatorship of Jansson is not a satisfactory climax for, after a brief and tragic life outside the community, he returns still more incredibly passive. He does not even have madness to justify his submission to a grotesque tyranny.

Individual scenes are vividly done. Such is the passage in which Nils, fortified with liquor against cold and hunger, buries the dead at the height of an epidemic. Throughout, Stuart Engstrand writes with an unadorned directness and an earnest conviction that is appealing. But his theme could—and should—have been deepened by a more serious examination of the insanity that inspired the prophet and his followers.

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SHAKESPEARE

Interpreted by a fine, modern American poet,

Mark Van Doren

An estimate of this book's quality is given in the following review by MARY COLUM, writing in the Forum:

"WHAT Mark Van Doren has set out to do is simply to write a criticism and interpretation of thirty-four plays, taking each separately, and of a collection of poems. The total result is a book on Shakespeare of far more depth and imaginative appeal than any that has appeared since Bradley's *Shakesperean Tragedy.*

"The best criticism has been written by men who could write in other literary forms besides the critical one: Mark Van Doren's poet's training has made him an expert in expressing himself without verbiage and in helping him to pick out unerringly from Shakespeare the passages that show most wonderfully the dimensions of Shakespeare's genius. He knows every shade of meaning in every word, in the music of every line. Mark Van Doren must be one of the best living Shakespearean scholars in the only sense in which such a one can be of service to literature—that is, he is a scholar in the poetry and plays that Shakespeare produced.

"Besides being good, this is very original criticism. The interpretation is subtle, fresh, and new; the chapters on the poems, on *Othello, Antony and Cleopatra,* on *Macbeth* will give a thrill to even the most blasé reader of books on Shakespeare. It is true that, like Homer, Shakespeare has to be interpreted anew for every generation, and I am inclined to think that Mark Van Doren's is the interpretation for our time.

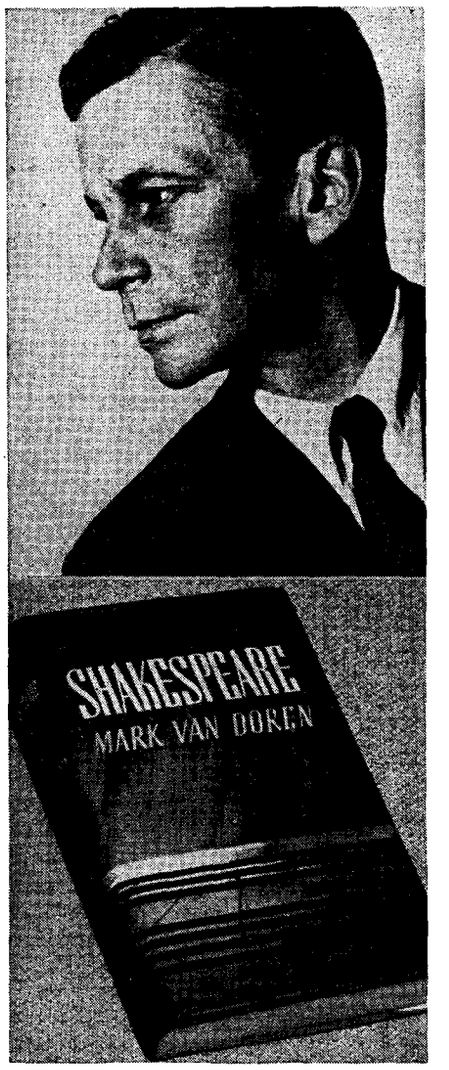
"What makes his different from other interpretations is his fine sensitivity to the poetry, his sense of how everything in the plays is integrated—the character, the scene, the symbol, the sound of the verse. How much of Othello is in this single line—

Keep up your bright swords for the dew will rust them

—and of Cleopatra in—

I have immortal longings in me.

"Is it too much to ask that the new Shakespearean actors read this book in search of light on the characters they impersonate? Has Othello ever been played as he is revealed here—'a great and fearful man' with that 'element of mystery and magic native to his original environment'? It would perhaps require supersubtlety to play Macbeth as he is revealed here, but an able direction could suggest that shifting and changing world where, as this critic shows us, the unnatural is in the ascendant; and a new staging of *Antony and Cleopatra,* might show us 'lovers whose youth is past, without illusion . . . who prefer each other's untruth to any truth that has yet been tried.'"



The Plan of This Book

Written out of the conviction that the poems and plays of Shakespeare are still the most important things to know about him, the author has devoted a chapter to each of the plays, in chronological order. The object (and the result) is to give the reader not a new Shakespeare, but one better known than ever before. Its subject is solely Shakespeare and the men, women and worlds he created, which have survived three and a half centuries.

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Americans and Poetry

(*Continued from page 4*)

aforethought the essence of balderdash, to the two leading poetry editors of America. And there was balm in Gilead when the two criminals proclaimed to a delighted public that their bait of incomprehensibility had been swallowed hook, line, and sinker by William Marion Reedy and Miss Harriet Monroe, who, I believe, seldom or never mentioned the episode. The thing is amusing but it is a sad commentary on frivolity and vanity. Jokes like that don't get played where everything is clear, genuine, authentic. It is better to think of Robinson and Frost, whose stars were rising while that sorry jest was in the making, two big men, wholly unconcerned in a foolish fight for silly prestige, who, basing their work on a noble tradition, looked forward to new things which must be handled in novel ways.

Perhaps I am being over-elaborate about what after all can be simply expressed. What I have been saying boils down to this. With notable exceptions that could easily be specified, the public has some right to believe that contemporary poets are attitudinizing little mice chased to and fro by catspaws of unimportant doctrine, whose behavior and performance are on the whole about equally negligible. All the row about manner and method, about subject matter and treatment, is the vaporing of the incompetent. The public in its slow manner is aware that the powerful figure deals in a vital way with what is intrinsically alive. Seeing no particular symptom of this, they are fed up.

So far it will be seen that I have been inclined to side with the public skepticism with respect to many of the new poets, whose large claims are substantiated with difficulty. To have one's fingers crossed with respect to the unproved and perhaps the improbable is human and possibly wise. But I am at a loss to defend the want of interest in the poetry of the past. The great thing about Time is that he sorts wheat from chaff. No poem subsists for more than a century which has not something important about it, which has not something significant, or which may be significant, for any intelligent person who can read or listen. Yet here, I think, we are confronted with a fact which is disturbing, far more disturbing than any failure to get heated up about Ezra Pound or T. S. Eliot. I do not understand a certain enmity to verse as such, which I often discover among persons whom I for one would never call dull. People who will plow through perfectly piffling novels that will be dead as a doornail before the next crop, turn up their noses at Shelley and Keats, and tell you out of the wisdom that has never read "Don Juan," that Byron is an affected Romantic. I don't know how to account for it, though in bitter moments, like better men, I have sometimes speculated as to whether or no the lapsing interest in poetry might not be in exact proportion to the increase in size and number of English departments in our schools and universities. I was an ornament of such a department for thirteen years myself. And I have reason to believe that undergraduates, who have had to pass an examination on "Hamlet," just don't get around to reading "Othello." A ludicrous adventure of Professor Phelps at Yale will illustrate the point. Thirty years ago the son of a Pittsburgh millionaire was in one of the Professor's classes. That was a time of sudden fortunes and misfortunes. And in the middle of the term the Pittsburgh youth was no longer the son of a millionaire. In fact he had to go home to work in the mill. A year later Professor Phelps was catching a train for the West. In the Pullman section opposite appeared his former pupil, who was obviously delighted to see his professor. In particular the young man remarked: "Professor Phelps, that course I was taking with you was the best course I had at New Haven. That play we were reading when I had to leave. That play . . . " "Yes," said Professor Phelps, "Macbeth." "Yes," said the boy, "Macbeth. I always did wonder how that play came out."

That boy wasn't a fool; he is a typical case. The only thing which could revive his murdered interest in Shakespeare was the engaging personality of his professor. He was willing and eager, but, as the old epigram goes, he had to be spoon-fed and had never learned to hold the spoon himself. And however willing and eager, there is something wrong about people who don't make the necessary effort.

But why don't we make it? I have often wondered, and any explanation I can offer is merely tentative. One such explanation is sufficiently obvious and more than sufficiently banal. Men's lives have always been crammed with the material and the tangible, but we seem to suffer from a superfetation unlike anything since the Augustan period of Rome. Our gadgets for killing time, as the wit said, are murderously successful. We have declared war on solitude and meditation—and reading. It is not only hard but almost impossible to be alone any more. And from want of practice, the wise have observed, people are afraid to be. We don't have a good time in crowds, but we nurse an immortal hope that we are going to. A man feels lost without a "bunch." And what is enjoyed alone is felt to be "anti-social," not to say reprehensible. Mothers and psychologists look grave when a child exhibits some faint tendency to lonely contemplation. And our habitual comment on such a phenomenon overlooks the fact that the true pleasure of the mind is upon the whole a solitary pleasure. Even the man in the crowded theater, watching the great play, is, if he is really enjoying it, getting something beyond the excitement of his fellows, though he may feel that too. What counts for him is what came home to his business and bosom, the thing which was different, being his own, apart from any one else's satisfaction. In fact if one could measure such a thing, the measure of a great work of art might be the variousness of its appeal to various men. "Hamlet has something for everyone but not the same thing for everyone." Yet there is a spirit, regimental and ordered, implicit in the time, that wants us to fit a pattern, to do things in herds, "to come off the line, like a new Chevrolet with all the standard equipment." Aldous Huxley's catastrophic satire paints far better than I can a world without a touch of poetry in it, with less if possible than Plato's Republic. What destroys poetry is our banal and futile attempt to escape from a loneliness which we might enjoy, if we were not so unnecessarily afraid of it. We make every effort to deprive ourselves of the greatest of pleasures—and we are tolerably successful.

It is a platitude to say that pleasure is what we ought to derive from poetry—real pleasure. That the poets, with notable exceptions, are not particularly original or adventurous thinkers is perhaps true. Few among

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them treat of experiences or ideas which the ordinary man is too lowly to share. No poet worthy the name ever wrote a line that he didn't hope would come home to any normally intelligent reader or, better, listener, though it appears that they frequently fail. Nor can any one defend the modern cult of the incomprehensible, with its quips and cranks and insoluble symbolisms. According to me it isn't the function of the poet to discover complex laws or elaborate guiding philosophies. If a poet happens to be a great thinker he may incidentally do so. But there have been very great poets who were anything but great thinkers, though Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe would qualify as well as any Plato. The function of a poet is to make vivid and alive what is in the air in his own time, and, for that matter, if he is lucky, what is in the air of all time. "It is the heat of his feeling rather than his thought that matters." And that heat ought to bring out the human in whatever he touches. The great poets have always done this, and the little ones have not infrequently done likewise. It doesn't matter what they deal with. Love, death, youth, age, pleasure, pain, philosophy, or belief stop being abstractions when the honest-to-God poet gets hold of them. When the Cid, the hero of the great Spanish epic, parted from Ximena, there was such pain as when the nail is torn from the flesh of the finger. One doesn't have to put on horn-rimmed spectacles to see the point. Everything men and women have enjoyed or suffered or ever will enjoy and suffer is in the last two acts of "Antony and Cleopatra." All that is required to taste that beauty and terror is some little humanity and a quiet evening.

The big artificial world we ourselves have made gets between us and poetry. Shakespeare in a wonderful triplet in his wonderful threnody hit off that artificial world for all time, the world where

> Truth may seem, but cannot be;
> Beauty brag, but 'tis not she;
> Truth and beauty buried be.

It is a pity that we have lost or ignored them. But the condition is not permanent. Emerson knew that there was too much truth and beauty in this country to be kept under for ever. Our landscape will deliver us. And our cities may too, when they discover that to mingle with the multitude is no escape from the difficulties of the individual. One doesn't have to be Keats to hear mighty workings.

Leonard Bacon is the author of a recent autobiography, "Semi-Centennial."

A Psychological Horror Novel

THE SEA TOWER. By Hugh Walpole. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1939. 307 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

MUCH blood has flowed over the fictional dams since Horace Walpole wrote "The Castle of Otranto." Here we have another Walpole bringing another innocent victim to another strange habitation beside the sea. In the eighteenth century the horror sprang from the supernatural; in the twentieth it comes from something in the natural that has gone wrong, that has been forced into evil and disease by the strength of its own nature that found no good way out. The terrors from the supernatural lay no responsibility upon the human beings involved. But today we know that back of the threats and dangers that beset Christina in "The Sea Tower" are psychological causes growing out of personal relationships that have been warped in their growing through humanly imposed conditions.

The story opens abruptly upon a returning bride and groom who have met and married without long acquaintance. They are on their way to the man's home, and at once we feel the chill of something to come. We share, without understanding why, the dread that Christina feels at going into this strange home. When the actual meeting with the family occurs, nothing is disclosed to account for the fears. The mother is a brisk little woman who receives Christina warmly, the father a rather ineffectual invalid certainly without malice, the others suggest no evil at this first gathering. But the fears continue to press upon Christina, and little by little she realizes, partly through intuition and partly through her sharpened sensitivity, just where the danger lies. She tries to tell her husband, but he is a direct, unsuspicious character, who dislikes the thought of prying into the motives for actions or analyzing emotional responses. Christina must fight through whatever menace there is without help from others. The novel reaches its height as it describes the slow passage of the days when the bride goes hourly in fear of what she half guesses and half avoids guessing. The outcome as portrayed by Mr. Walpole will not be satisfactory to all readers; to some it will seem forced at the very moment when it most needs to seem inevitable. But the excitement and thrill are there, and it is on second thought that doubts begin to creep in.

Far removed from "The Joyful Delaneys" or the Rogue Herries series, this latest Walpole novel is more like "The Portrait of a Man with Red Hair" in being a true psychological horror tale. It is bound to be compared to "Rebecca" and by that standard to be found wanting. It does not hold its tone and tempo as did Miss Du Maurier's novel, and the complete integration of character is not nearly so skillfully managed. But with whatever slight qualifications, it is good to welcome Hugh Walpole back to the field of psychological complexity in which some of his best work has been done.

DID YOU KNOW?
some ants are professional racketeers . . . .
The Carebara ants kidnap their neighbors, sponge on their friends for food, pillage the homes of their hosts. They're the Public Enemies of the ant world.
these ants keep beetles as pets
Insanely fond of pet beetles, an ant colony will feed, tend and coddle them — and even permit its young to be devoured by the pampered pets.
the farmers grow vegetable crops
The agricultural Attas cultivate tiny vegetables in underground vaults. They plant, pluck weeds, fertilize and harvest — exactly as human farmers do.
Not in many years has a popular book of science so gripped the interest of readers and critics as "OF ANTS AND MEN," by Caryl P. Haskins (Prentice-Hall, Inc., $2.75). Here is a glamorous wonderland whose builders, hunters, fighters, queens, fascists, communists, slaves and parasites weave an amazing way of life that rivals man's own conquest of obstacles. "Fascinating," says Edwin C. Hill . . . "Tremendously interesting—" adds Ralph Thompson . . . "Unquestionably the scientific book of the year"—declares Carl Van Doren. (Strikingly illustrated with microphotographs).

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The Phoenix Nest

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE biggest space-fillers on the poetry shelf for several weeks have been five volumes of "The North American Book of Verse" (at three dollars per volume or fifteen the set) published by that undiscourageable "poetry publisher," Henry Harrison at 79 Fourth Avenue, the Village. The general impression made upon me by this row of stout, light blue volumes is that of looking around a room full of writers and failing to discover a single familiar face. I have never seen marshaled together the names of so many unknown versifiers. Each volume contains sections devoted to the poets of different states—though as the publisher says that none of the poems has appeared in any other anthology, apparently they have not been drawn from his former separate state anthologies. Any one volume contains work from eleven or twelve states. Each state is edited by a poet of that territory. I make no pretense of having read these volumes complete. I have dipped into them. I should say, from that sampling, that the general level of the work is neither good nor bad but indifferent. A great deal of it is like the magazine verse of the last quarter century. One section from Hawaii supplies a somewhat exotic touch. Altogether this is the largest collection of indubitably minor American verse that there has been for some time.

In an entirely different category is "An Anthology for the Enjoyment of Poetry" now issued as a companion volume to a new edition of Max Eastman's "The Enjoyment of Poetry" published by Scribners. The anthology is priced at three dollars and the analytical volume at two fifty. Both are worth having. The new edition of "The Enjoyment of Poetry," originally published over a quarter of a century ago and written then with adventurous excitement, is enlarged by other essays in esthetics and certain notes in refutation addressed to I. A. Richards, John Dewey, and Lewis Mumford. However much you may agree or disagree with Mr. Eastman's findings, the solid fact remains that his is one of the most intelligent contributions to the study of poetry as a living force that has been made in our time. When we come to the selections he has chosen for his anthology, "dividing the poems according as their prevailing values are of sensuous perception, emotion, action or idea," it seems to me that Mr. Eastman has written a sensible foreword—at least one with which I am, in the main, in agreement — and has made such choices as stamp the anthology with an identity of its own. That is all one can ask. No two human beings could ever completely agree as to choices, and these most certainly contribute to the enjoyment of poetry. I cannot approve the inclusion of a fragment of a great ode by Andrew Marvell, with no explanation, as though it were a complete poem; but I rejoice in finding here, among more well known poems, Henley's "There's a Regret," Hodgson's "Ghoul Care," and Sara Bard Field's "November 2 A. M. Conspiracy."

A revised edition of the late Thomas Walsh's "The Catholic Anthology" recalls to mind a classical poet of fine taste and an endearing friend of old days. This anthology (Macmillan: $1.69) is the work of a true scholar in the Catholic tradition, a Hispanist and translator, and one whose intelligence was so large as to include in his final section a group of "Catholic Poems by Non-Catholic Poets." To this George N. Shuster has added "Additional Poems by Catholic and Non-Catholic Poets," although one would have preferred to have them segregated rather than merely arranged alphabetically. That there has been great Catholic poetry stands without question. One has only to think of Lionel Johnson and Francis Thompson. But it is Thomas Walsh's selections in translation of the early Greek and Roman, Italian and Spanish and Irish poems of the early ages of faith that make his book definitive.

Rockland Editions at 350 West 31 Street, New York, publish with an introduction and notes by Thomas H. Johnson, "The Poetical Works of Edward Taylor," this being the first volume in a series on American Literature issued in coöperation with an editorial board consisting of Professors Howard Mumford Jones and Kenneth B. Murdock of Harvard, Stanley T. Williams of Yale, Robert E. Spiller of Swarthmore, Tremaine McDowell of the University of Minnesota, and Mark Van Doren of Columbia. A limited edition has been printed by the Spiral Press and is priced at six dollars. Taylor is an almost unknown colonial poet, an orthodox Puritan minister of the frontier village of Westfield, Mass. His devotional poems are frequently distinguished by flashing original phrase. When he cries spontaneously,

> Shall I be made
> A sparkling Wildfire Shop.
> Where my dull spirits at the Fireball trade
> Do frisk and hop?
> And while the Hammer doth the Anvill pay,
> The fire ball matter sparkles e'ry way

he is quite taking, and his metaphorical brilliance is unusual in poetry of the period.

A new revised edition of Arthur Guiterman's "Ballads of Old New York," with a new introduction, will appeal to all lovers of Manhattan's history, and cognate to it is Joseph C. Lincoln's "Rhymes of the Old Cape," which reminds of his own original "Cape Cod Ballads." Both books are illustrated, Mr. Guiterman's being published by Dutton at two dollars and Mr. Lincoln's by Appleton-Century at two-fifty. The latest volume by Edgar Lee Masters, "More People," comes also from the latter firm at the same price, but though its subject-matter is often interesting, the phrase of the poems is generally undistinguished, and the rhyme and meter occasionally incredibly bad, particularly in "Barbara and Mabel," as witness:

> Thus on her way she heard that both her daughters
> Were in Paris, so she hastened there;
> There's a time when life goes wrong and totters,
> When one care begets another care.

And this, unfortunately, is no unusual instance.

W. J. Turner, an English poet who has been writing for over twenty years, has now had his "Selected Poems" published at three dollars by the Oxford University Press. His early poem "Romance" is internationally known, and he was well represented in William Butler Yeats's late Oxford anthology of modern poetry, but few Americans know Mr. Turner's work well enough. This versatile poet, music critic, essayist, and novelist is original and exciting in a number of quite different poems. Also from the Oxford Press comes Anne Ridler's "Poems" ($2). Her idiom is original though a bit obscure at times. At others she pleases by her precision. Victoria Sackville-West, who, in the past, particularly in "The Land," has given us some remarkable poetry, offers in "Solitude" (Doubleday, Doran: $1.75) a much thinner effort than usual, though in a traditional manner her expression is graceful and patrician. Two American women poets worth considering, one a veteran and one a newcomer, are Jessie B. Rittenhouse ("The Moving Tide: New and Selected Lyrics," Houghton Mifflin: $2), and Eleanor Graham, recommended highly by Arthur Guiterman ("For These Moments," Stephen Daye Press, Brattleboro, Vermont, $1.25). Miss Rittenhouse is well-known for her many services to American poetry, while one is glad to welcome the gay, bright, and brave Miss Graham, an inspiring teacher, whose verse is fresh and simple and clear.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 288)

JOHN MILTON:
"HISTORY OF BRITAIN"

For liberty hath a sharp and double edge fit only to be handled by just and virtuous men; to bad and dissolute it becomes a mischief unwieldy in their own hands. . . . For the sun, which we want, ripens wits as well as fruits.

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But Some of His Opponents Were

HITLER IS NO FOOL. The menace of the Man and his Program. By Karl Billinger. New York: Modern Age Books. 1939. 198 *pp.* 50 *cents.*

Reviewed by TONI STOLPER

THE recent unabridged American editions of "Mein Kampf" have given to the American student of world affairs the basic material for the understanding of the German dictator which was so sorely lacking. But for the use of a larger public it was a good idea to "gather together the widely scattered Hitlerian views on the Jews, democracies, war, peace, racial theories, etc., and arrange these topics in orderly form." If done with a scholarly mind and enough literary ability to give adequate weight and tempo to the subject, such a popularization of Hitler's actual dicta would do much to make people aware of the personality and the ideology the world has now to deal with. Reading in this volume of about 200 pages up to page 87, this reviewer felt inclined to state that the task had been fairly well accomplished. You get many of the most striking and consequential passages of Hitler's book in quotations, and you get an abstract of Hitler's background and life (which closely follows a very good source, Rudolf Olden's Hitler biography). I think that this first part certainly repays the outlay of fifty cents, for after running through this digest the reader will have acquired a more detailed knowledge of Hitler's weird and fateful personality than he may have gathered heretofore from his daily papers.

Unfortunately Mr. Billinger did not stop here, but succumbed to the temptation of presenting the public with his own views on Hitler, National Socialism, and the world at large. Billinger certainly does not like Hitler, and he also does not like the way he has been allowed to come to power in Germany. Consequently, his criticism is rather evenly divided between Hitler and his crowd on the one hand and his all too weak opponents on the other hand. It is probably too soon for anyone to attempt an unbiassed criticism and sound historical judgment of Germany's intensely interesting Republican era (1918 to 1933). Billinger, however, does not even put up much show of being unbiassed. It is not hard to place his point of view, which coincides largely with that of the Marxist school of thought, in whose judgment the German Socialists failed in their struggle against Hitler by not being socialistic enough. This position to the Left of the Socialists was usually occupied by communists of one of the various shades this term has taken on since the Bolshevik revolution. In his account of what made Hitler come to power, Billinger mentions many aiding and abetting factors, among which that old pet of communist propaganda, "monopoly capitalism" ranks high. But characteristically he fails to mention the curious fact that as far back as 1930, that is in all the decisive years of the Nazis' struggle for power inside the democratic institutions of

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DOUBLE FOR DEATH *Rex Stout* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	N. Y. millionaire killed Sunday night. Returns to life Wednesday. Killed again Thursday. Tecumseh Fox, suburban private detective, explains everything.	Fox is not *quite* Wolfe but metamorphosis complete enough to suit majority. Plot extra twisty, people interesting, talk bright as paint.	Good hunting!
DOUBLE BLACKMAIL *G. D. H. and M. Cole* (Macmillan: $2.)	Haughty British matron scared stiff by blackmailer who reveals bigamy in family. She calls in ex-Yard dick and complications worsen.	Noteworthy for elegant spoofing and capital characterizations rather than mystery—though that's present, also murder and suicide.	Expert
THE TOWN CRIED MURDER *Leslie Ford* (Scribners: $2.)	Yankee lady-killer comes to live among impoverished aristocrats of Williamsburg, Va., but doesn't. Spinster Lucy Randolph tells about it.	Lucy Randolph doubles for Grace Latham in story highly reminiscent of author's recent mystery, "False to Any Man."	Good, if slightly used, Ford
THE CRYING SISTERS *Mabel Seeley* (Crime Club: $2.)	Vacationing Minnesota librarian takes up with blackbrowed mystery-man and charming child, and gets entangled in mass murder.	Mystery-melodrama adroitly handled, with killer's surprising identity revealed in as spectacular a climax as you'll meet in moons.	Grand
MONKSHOOD *Eden Philpotts* (Macmillan: $2.)	"Amazingly ingenious" killer responsible for several aconite slayings in Cornish coast town. Loquacious doctor deduces strange solution.	Sober-sided treatment and some terribly windy passages can't keep down singularly affecting yarn of fury-driven slayer.	Impressive
THE TEN HOLY HORRORS *Francis Beeding* (Harpers: $2.)	Col. Alastair Granby and friend Alec play hide-and-seek with Nazi agent and fateful document from London to Munich.	Death, deception, and scalp-lifting adventure mark eventful trans-European paper chase—which seems prehistoric since Sept. 3.	Able spy-stuff
CRIME TEARS ON *Carolyn Wells* (Lippincott: $2.)	Long Island plutocrat, without enemies, is mysteriously slain, also his faithful housekeeper. Fleming Stone reveals how and who.	Fingerprints on an old detective story, and one little hair-pin give old maestro all he needs to fix guilt.	Wells No. 70!

THRILLS
ROMANCE
AND MYSTERY
• INGENIOUSLY MIXED

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by LESLIE FORD
author of
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$2.00
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DEATH DELIVERS A POST CARD
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Germany, Hitler could rely on the unfailing coöperation of the German communists. They could be trusted at every parliamentary occasion to squeeze in the "Weimar Parties" of the Center between the vise of their concerted votes, to go side by side in revolutionary strikes, and even to fight the election battles on almost identical platforms of socialistic and nationalistic slogans. But in addition to what Billinger fails to say, what he does say places him among those adversaries of National Socialism whose criticism, in this reviewer's mind, is doomed to repeat ever again the failure of the German Leftists. They hated Hitler, but how much more did they hate what they called "the profit system"!

Hitler may not be a socialist to Billinger's liking, he has not expropriated the German capitalists completely, only crippled them sorely. But how much better a socialist he is than Krupp or Thyssen! Billinger wants to have Hitlerism in its present triumphant phase overthrown, but can he trust Tory capitalists like Chamberlain or Daladier to overthrow him, and if so, to overthrow him in the right way?

It is perhaps giving too much weight to this small book to go into the details of its argument. But it seems important to state at every occasion that orthodox socialists oppose National Socialism only on the ground of its not being good enough socialism, and not because it is out to destroy the precious heritage of Western political civilization. We have no reason to mingle in this contest between the Marxist socialism of class struggle and the Hitlerite socialism of "national unity" with a vengeance. This struggle may or may not go on under the cover of the Moscow-Berlin Pact. The Western liberties will have to be safeguarded by liberals, not by socialists.

Paramour of Power

ACCENT ON POWER: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF MACHIAVELLI. By Valeriu Marcu. Translated by Richard Winston. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1939. 314 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by GERTRUDE R. B. RICHARDS

WHAT his contemporary, the elder Ammirato, said of Machiavelli applies equally to his present biographer. "He changes years, alters facts, substitutes names, confounds causes, augments, diminishes, adds, subtracts, and lets his fancy run without a bridle or any legitimate control." Then as if these shortcomings were not enough, he adds a slovenliness of detail that is comprehensive enough to add distinction! Scarcely a name is spelled correctly; scarcely an Italian term but is erroneously confused with its Latin ancestor. There is constant misconception of the functions of Florentine institutions, social, political, and economic alike, and an equally constant ignorance of the parts played by the various actors in the magnificent comedy that attended the fall of the Florentine Republic. To cite a few examples: Cosimo dei Medici never owned two and a half tons of finest gold; instead his banking business rested on a system of international credits. The guilds were no longer dominant forces, as M. Marcu often implies; they were almost defunct, and Florentine economy was definitely capitalistic. At no time did the jurisdiction of Florence include eight hundred walled towns. Also, the Commune built "model tenements" for the poor, in less crowded quarters of the town, when their hovels were demolished to make room for the new palaces of the magnates, and so on; inaccuracy of detail, misunderstanding of essentials, until the meticulous historian is ready to condemn the whole book as an utter violation of truth.

Despite its subtitle the author makes no pretense of offering a biography of Machiavelli. What he has done is to give us a psychological study of power as a motive to human action and as the aim of statecraft. Machiavelli is merely a convenient peg on which to hang his theories. The factual inaccuracies frequently invalidate the conclusions, but taken by and large, the study is interesting and able, and the argument brilliant if not always convincing.

Whatever is to be offered in support of any thesis based on Machiavelli's concept of power must be found in his writings. Neither his qualities nor his public life ever rose above the dead level of mediocrity. He was perhaps the most inept Florentine of his day. He held only one office, secretary of the Second Chancery, little more than a rubber-stamp man. He lost even this post through his inability to handle men or shape circumstances. His embassies were fruitless because he could never use an opportunity. The embassy to France was a case in point. It was a situation that required high diplomacy, and Machiavelli desired above all else to stand forth as a master of intrigue; but when the occasion arose for action, the only method he could use was truth and that not because of any inherent virtue but because he could not follow his own teachings. M. Marcu considers him the unfortunate victim of circumstances, doomed by fate ever to walk in the footsteps of those whose superiority consisted only in their better coats; but that is letting Machiavelli off too easily. It is true that his was an age of transition; that old values were discarded and new values not yet accepted; that the Florentines were distrustful of leadership and even more distrustful of ability. However, he had one asset that they would have desired, had he offered it—his grasp of reality. Theories had led them down a blind alley; they wanted a definite actual program. But while Machiavelli could create a system, on paper—could criticize a government, on paper—he could not act. Some ineptitude, some reflection of that national helplessness which led the commune to open her gates to her destroyers, always kept him tied to his desk, refusing to accept the power he professed to worship—always the sycophant, the paramour of power, never the prototype. Had not Voltaire interpreted, or misinterpreted, for generations to come the system which bears the name of the humble clerk, Machiavelli would be today merely another lewd dramatist, another historian of rather more than average insight and a classicist of little repute.

Gertrude R. B. Richards, formerly lecturer in history at Wellesley College, is associate in research at Harvard University.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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The New Books

Fiction

NIGHT OF THE POOR. By Frederic Prokosch. Harpers. 1939. 359 *pp.* $2.50.

E. V. Lucas speaks somewhere of a photographic painting by Turner, in which Turner seems to have wished to show that he could do a Frith's "Derby Day" if he liked. In the same way, Mr. Prokosch, who has made himself an enviable name for his complex studies of degeneracy in Asia, seems to have wished to show that he could be realistic and kindly and native if he liked. The story that he has contrived, of the wanderings of a seventeen-year-old boy from Wisconsin through Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, and Louisiana to join his family in Texas, is one that might be well adapted to a panorama of the under side of America; but in attempting his new field, Mr. Prokosch seems to have lost his feeling for character without attaining any new grasp of social factors. At the beginning, for instance, the hero, Tom, had been staying with an uncle who has just died, and he is now about to take the train for Texas; but he misses the train, and a rolling stone of a farmhand suggests that they take the money for the ticket and bum their way. So he does. There is never any more motivation or causation, internal or external, than that. He moves through scenes of purposeless violence; he goes hungry, and witnesses a lynching; but there is no immediacy in his experiences; one is never made to believe in the physical reality of his sensations.

The dream-like can be deeply haunting, as no one has shown better than Mr. Prokosch; his "The Seven Who Fled," with its complex qualities and ornate style, had the inescapable quality of a nightmare or an evil spell; its effect clings to the memory. But here he has deliberately simplified both his characters and his style, and has lost the reality of a nightmare without attaining that of experience.

B. D.

THAT FLANNIGAN GIRL. By Patsy Ruth Miller. Morrow. 1939. 282 *pp.* $2.50.

THE MOON TO PLAY WITH. By Elizabeth Dunn. Morrow. 1939. 274 *pp.* $2.50.

A gay and lively story about a movie star, "That Flannigan Girl" has none of the atmosphere of the orchid and green steam-heated bedroom with the ostrich-trimmed doll on the satin bedspread, common to novels of Hollywood high life. It narrates the events of four days in the life of Denise Arden, thirty-five year old movie actress, but it is also the story of Dora Flannigan, the nice suburban little girl from whom Denise sprang. Any contemporary of Denise's who reads Dora's diary written at the age of twelve will realize with horror that it is her own diary of which Miss Miller has got hold.

As Dora and Denise alike, the heroine is kind, intelligent, and warmhearted; these qualities of course combine with her glamour to make her strong poison. Miss Miller steers Dora-Denise through her marriage to the man who loved her and whom she did not love, and her infatuation with the man who didn't love her, and leaves her in the arms of one of those dependable, sensitive, intelligent, handsome, sun-tanned Scarlet Pimpernels with immobile faces and fiercely passionate hearts who habitually wait twelve years for the woman they love to consent to marry them.

In contrast with Denise, the actress of "The Moon to Play With" is more renowned on Broadway than in Hollywood. Tall, magnificent, hollow-cheeked, Kingley Campion suggests a well-known actress by more than her initials. For her, the trip on the *SS. Queen Victoria* is a God-given opportunity to interest Gavin Hare, son of a producer, in her screen possibilities. But Gavin, being young and flighty, prefers the beautiful debutante Gillian with whom he has fallen temporarily if not desperately in love. There is a lot of amusing incident and chatter in "The Moon to Play With," but neither characters nor action are especially convincing, and the misunderstandings which make up the plot are artificial and ultimately rather tiresome.

K. S.

Miscellaneous

PAIN, SEX AND TIME. By Gerald Heard. Harpers. 1939. 301 *pages.* $3.

Under this unusual title, a British scientist and historian takes a long view of the biological evolution of man, a short view of his present confusion, and a time-transcending view of his potentialities. The main trouble seems to be that physical evolution has culminated and stopped. The future portends only chaos and extinction unless men decide to play an active and controlling part in their own development. By excluding the possibility of further physical evolution, Mr. Heard has left only the psyche on which to work. Accepting most of the evidence for supersensory powers already suggested in some psychological and historical research, he urges that all of us spend not less than one hour a day improving our psychic attributes in order to attain the end of an "enlarged consciousness" without which the human species cannot survive.

The energy for this enlargement can flow from two sources, pain and sex; the former because our present hypersensitivity indicates waste that evolutionary activity might utilize, and the latter because the charge of the sex hormone exceeds all possible procreative needs and at present dissipates itself uselessly in sexual athleticism. Whether such a thesis deserves consideration or not depends entirely upon the reader's theory of human nature. No one can doubt that the book is erudite, but for all of that, and in spite of the tolerance with which liberal opinion should receive heterodoxy, it may be erudite nonsense.

R. B.

CHARLES' GIFT. By Hulbert Footner. Harpers. 1939. 289 *pp.* $3.

Nobody but a Free Stater (which Hulbert Footner is, by choice and conviction, if not by birth) could have written "Charles' Gift," though practically anyone would enjoy reading it. Here we have the story of an old house—a past and present history of people and happenings of the quick and the dead among both. Antiquarians will go for the local color, and other specialists will wallow in the historical background and folk lore. As for the so-called general reader, he should find a pleasant day's browsing among the author's sometimes witty and always urbane commentaries.

"Charles' Gift" is located on the west shore of Chesapeake Bay, the

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first-settled part of the State. Built in 1650, it is not quite the oldest domicile still existent, but probably the most lived-in. Among its other distinctions, this plain brick house with its tall front windows and end-chimneys once served as the House of Burgesses during the Puritan *anschluss* in the dictatorship of Oliver Cromwell. From this high estate it fell into use by two families of poor whites who slept on corn shucks and hay in the parlor. Mr. Footner took possession about twenty-five years ago, and has been restoring it ever since.

For all the history packed into the book, Mr. Footner is at his best when he is being anecdotal about his neighbors.

The book has many good points, but to one mind its best is its unabashed sectionalism. Under the firm flesh of narrative and description, a heart is beating with local pride. And that makes a very good reason why "Charles' Gift" is so thoroughly alive.

H. A.

Philosophy

THE PHILOSOPHY OF COURAGE. By Philip Leon. Oxford University Press. 1939. 222 *pp.* $2.

This book illuminates the Oxford Group way to God and represents itself as a philosophy of that movement. Though the author says little enough about courage, such words as love, virtue, guidance, purity, passion, power, the Quiet Time, patience, wisdom, health, creativity, prayer, conversion, the larger self, God-consciousness, and the like abound as they do in all such hortatory books. In addition, Mr. Leon uses the psychological technique of claiming association with progressive and liberal thought before he saw the light.

R. B.

Travel

THE GEM TRADER. By Louis Kornitzer. Sheridan House. 1939. 265 *pp., with index.* $2.75.

Perhaps there is no substance whose history parallels the history of the human race more closely than precious stone. From the most primitive times, jewels have had ornamental as well as economic value. Civilization has not done much to change their relationship to the life of man. Louis Kornitzer was brought up in a household where jewels were more important than bread, and his entire life has been spent seeking rare specimens in all parts of the world and purchasers for them among all sorts of people. This book is the story of his experiences—exciting, touching, astonishing, amusing. As in his previous volume, "Pearl Trader," he presents with simple and enthusiastic directness the drama and the glamour of gems and the lives of those who covet and own them. His chapter entitled "Diamonds of Fate" tells the sinister and often bloody history of some of the great stones of the past, how they have been stolen, broken up, lost only to reappear in other forms, in other hands, at other times. The great Koh-i-noor diamond, one of the British Crown Jewels, is thought to be a fragment of a historic stone called the Great Mogul, named after Shah Jehan, which disappeared in the seventeenth century. The Hope Diamond, which is reputed to bring misfortune to its wearers, seems until recently to have lived up to its reputation. One of its possessors is now on the WPA rolls. Another owner, whose name was Louis, died on the scaffold in Paris in 1793.

Of these and other famous gems, Mr. Kornitzer speaks with candor and wit which combine with his rare knowledge of his subject to make a very interesting book.

R. H.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 420 Madison Avenue, New York City.

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Double-Crostics: No. 289

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

	1-M	2-Q	3-N			4-B	5-G	6-I	7-J	8-X	9-C	10-F	11-W		12-U	13-V	
14-O	15-Y	16-Z	17-P	18-T	19-N	20-B		21-N	22-T	23-C	24-G			25-N	26-Q	27-J	28-C
	29-L	30-F	31-V	32-J		33-Y	34-U	35-O	36-I	37-D			38-Z	39-X	40-B	41-S	42-D
	43-A	44-U	45-M			46-E	47-K		48-P	49-I	50-O	51-R	52-L	53-F		54-U	
55-P	56-I	57-O	58-Q	59-T	60-K	61-N	62-Z	63-Y	64-R	65-W			66-W	67-M		68-T	69-D
70-L	71-U	72-G		73-P	74-K	75-F	76-D	77-S	78-A	79-N			80-W	81-H	82-Q	83-N	
84-Y	85-Q	86-A	87-D		88-Y	89-V	90-I		91-P	92-R	93-H	94-Z	95-X	96-V	97-I	98-T	
99-S	100-K	101-D	102-C		103-J	104-M	105-A		106-D	107-R	108-H	109-M		110-Q	111-A	112-W	
	113-T	114-R	115-Q	116-V	117-K	118-B	119-D		120-J	121-V	122-D		123-T	124-H	125-A	126-I	
	127-U	128-B	129-H	130-C		131-S	132-I	133-L	134-E	135-B	136-R	137-W		138-K	139-M	140-L	
141-H		142-P	143-Q	144-F	145-U		146-X	147-I	148-E	149-G	150-U		151-S	152-T	153-Z	154-G	
155-N	156-F		157-G	158-Q		159-Y	160-D	161-B	162-L		163-P	164-F	165-Z	166-E	167-H		

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 18 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Religious law (Buddhism).

B. Irritable.

C. Belgian violinist (1858-1931).

D. Aloofness.

E. Original inhabitants of Moab (Bib.)

F. Artlessness.

G. Last name of Dickens heroine.

H. Freckle.

I. Immediately.

J. Russian-American violinist (1891—).

K. English scientist (1642-1727).

L. English poet (1618-67).

M. Hypostatize.

N. Most unlike.

O. Pleasing to the eye.

P. To that place.

Q. American novelist (1804-64).

R. Snare.

S. Heroine of "Silas Marner."

T. Father of Pocahontas.

U. Covered with small specks (zool.)

V. Ebullition of high spirits (colloq.)

W. City in New York State.

X. Encircled.

Y. Injudicious.

Z. Quixotically adventurous.

WORDS

105	111	125	78	86	43				
118	40	161	4	135	20	128			
130	9	23	28	102					
76	87	106	160	101	69	119	37	42	122
148	166	46	134						
156	75	30	144	10	53	164			
154	157	5	72	149	24				
108	93	124	129	141	81	167			
49	6	132	36	56	90	97	126	147	
27	32	7	103	120					
47	74	138	60	117	100				
52	133	29	140	70	162				
45	104	1	139	67	109				
155	21	83	61	19	3	79	25		
50	14	35	57						
163	17	91	55	142	48	73			
2	143	110	82	26	85	115	158	58	
114	64	92	51	136	107				
77	131	151	41	99					
113	18	123	22	59	68	152	98		
71	34	150	12	44	54	127	145		
31	89	96	121	13	116				
66	11	80	137	65	112				
39	8	95	146						
15	88	33	63	84	159				
94	153	165	38	62	16				

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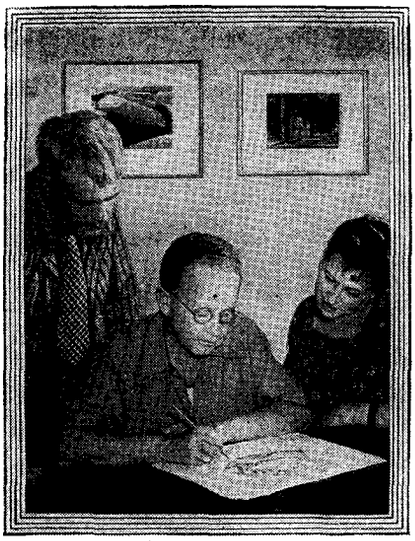

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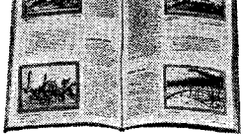

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

OLD Q. received from Mr. Arthur Dahlberg an interesting booklet called *Incentive Taxation.* This is a digest of the book of that title by C. William Hazelett, published by Dutton in 1936 and now in a third edition. ☞Though not one who thinks in fiscal syllogisms, Old Q. found much interest in Mr. Hazelett's ideas of smoothing out the epicycloid contour of the industrial graph. ☞He relishes such vigorous remarks as Mr. Hazelett's "Incentive Taxation is like the dog tied under the carts in Portuguese countries, to nip at the heels of the donkeys when they do not keep moving." ☞Old Q.'s cash turnovers move so fast they might almost be called popovers. ☞*The Kenyon Review,* published quarterly ($2 a year) at Gambier, Ohio, is an increasingly welcome visitor. In the autumn number we were pleased to see Delmore Schwartz's comments on the history of *The Criterion* (1922-39), the magazine edited by T. S. Eliot which had far-reaching influence upon people who never even saw it or heard of it. ☞Also there is much admirably said in the symposium on "The Present State of Poetry." Robert Penn Warren's comparison of the methods of two distinguished poets deserves quotation. Speaking of Robert Frost he says, "No other modern poet except Yeats has so fully explored his individual world. But there is a fundamental difference. . . . Yeats was in constant motion, an invader seeking a major engagement, but Frost has operated from a strategically chosen and defensible point, making guileful raids on the surrounding countryside." ☞The most agreeable lines in recent poetry, to our own taste, were in the *Kenyon* editor's own Phi Beta Kappa poem at Harvard last June. That they do not mean what they look like meaning makes them the more savory—

"I saw the youngling bachelors of Harvard
Lit like torches, and scrambling to disperse."

☞Mr. Ransom's *Kenyon Review* is one of the few magazines in the world that take poetry seriously rather than solemnly, and it deserves support by those competent to agree or disagree.

☞Original manuscripts of the late A. E. Housman, showing the doubts and erasures of composition, are now on view in the Rare Book Department at the Scribner Book Store on Fifth Avenue. These come from four of the poet's note books, which have been taken apart and mounted as separate leaves. ☞In a morbid moment old Putative added up the figures printed by Essandess in a recent *P. W.* ad., and noted that *How to Win Friends and Influence People* sold 6303 copies during the supposedly dull months of last summer—and this at the full price, 3 years after publication. The moral surely is that the universal endemic is self-dissatisfaction. ☞The Boston Book Fair, sponsored by the Boston *Herald,* will be held October 23-28. ☞It is sad to hear that the great Book Fair in London, planned for this month, had to be abandoned on account of the War. Many of the London publishers have moved their offices to the country. ☞We are always pleased to hear of Amy May's annual Weed Show at Pasadena, which took place October 3-7, its fifth year. It offers 3 classes of exhibits, Professional, Amateur, and Children's; its motto, "To develop the art of finding beauty in common things." ☞The same principle may be exercised by anyone who knows how to enjoy second-hand book stores.

☞"Now that grapes are ripening," remarks the anonymous philosopher who writes Macmillan's press notes, "the question arises whether the bloom on the fruit is useful as well as ornamental." ☞He answers himself promptly from Dr. Sydney Mangham's book of plant study, *Earth's Green Mantle,* (Macmillan) which explains that the "bloom" is really a thin coating of wax which protects the grape against too rapid evaporation. ☞In the case of other fruit, such as peaches, a dense coating of hair serves the same purpose. ☞Also in some elderly poets, *e.g.* Walt Whitman. ☞Edwin A. R. Rumball-Petrie, 507 Fifth Avenue, has written a booklet *Money for Old Bibles,* 16 pp., sold at 25 cents. This was written to answer the innumerable letters received from people who want to know if their family Bibles are collector's items.

☞The Book and Author Luncheons sponsored by the A. B. A. and the *Herald-Tribune* will resume October 11 at the Hotel Astor. This year's series will consist of six meetings, tickets on sale at all local bookstores or from Howard Lederer at the A. B. A., Algonquin 4-9005. $2.25 per luncheon or the whole route for $12.

☞Doubleday's publicity department, interviewing Sir Hugh Walpole, asked that genial man the embarrassing question, who would he like to be if he weren't Hugh Valpole. ☞"Someone of less exuberance," said Sir Hugh, warily. ☞Urged to be definite, he admitted he would have liked to be Walter de la Mare, Robert Bridges, Virginia Woolf, or George Santayana. ☞Which was very good sense. ☞The interviewer undoubtedly repressed any impulse to mention Somerset Maugham—who is also, our employer insists we add, about to publish a new book with Doubleday. ☞The surest way to find out what books really have Sales Appeal is to see what the people in a reviewing office are most anxious to get hold of—whether by loan or larceny. The review copy hardest to keep on the shelf in the *S. R. L.* office has been Walt Disney's *Ugly Duckling.*

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